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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXVIII. No. 743. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1916. TWOPENCE.

Moments of Interest
Manufactured from tobaccos of the Orient, giving the unique flavour of the native product.
20 for 1/-
S. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

OVER 1000 INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID

Getting out of the Messes!

By

SIR LAMING WORTHINGTON EVANS
(SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR)

FOR SORE, TIRED, TENDER FEET

When they Burn, Smart, Swell, Itch, Blister, Perspire and form Corns and Callouses THIS IS ALL YOU NEED.

YOU have only to dissolve a small handful of REUDEL BATH SALTRATES in a hot foot bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

The *medicated* and *oxygenated* foot bath prepared as above has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms.

Without any dangerous cutting, painful caustic liquids or plasters, or even the expense and trouble of a visit to the chiropodist your corns can soon be softened and separated from the underlying tissue so they come right out, roots and all like the hull out a strawberry. As for callouses, they quickly can be made to soften, turn white, loosen at the edges, curl up, and peel completely off. A small package of Reudel Bath Saltrates is all you need.

REMARKABLE ENDORSEMENT BY WORLD CHAMPION ATHLETES

In spite of the terrific and long-continued strain to which they have been subjected for several years, it would probably be impossible to find feet to equal in physical perfection those possessed by Edgar C. Horton, amateur champion long-distance walker. Not a corn, callouse, or other blemish mars them. Like the rest of this endurance marvel's wonderful physique, his feet are sound as the proverbial bell, and never show the slightest sign of any weakness. Was this always the case? It was not. Before the time Horton began to set up world's records which his nearest competitors have seldom been able even to approach, he says foot fatigue, aching, burning, soreness, corns, callouses, etc., also sharp pains in his legs, were the bane of his life. These meant the difference between his success or failure as an athlete, so something simply had to be done to get rid of them and stay rid of them. In a recent article Horton says that ever since he commenced to rest his feet occasionally in the medicated and oxygenated foot-bath instantly produced by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates, foot misery and other muscular aches, pains, and stiffness have been only unpleasant memories to him. It is interesting to note that this same indebtedness to Reudel Bath Saltrates is also acknowledged by Harold V.L. Ross, who holds most of the World's walking records for distances under fifty miles—and by Tom Payne, World's Champion Walker. C. W. Hart, the World's professional champion long-distance runner; by W. G. George, the World's one-mile running champion; by Jack Donaldson, the World's champion sprinter; by Jimmy Wilde, World's champion boxer; Ernest Barry, World's champion sculler; and by the World's record holders in practically every other branch of sport. There never was another pain-banishing treatment which received such endorsement as this. They all agree that there never will be a better treatment for the purpose, because in Reudel Bath Saltrates absolute perfection has been attained. A half-pound or so can be had at little cost from any chemist, and no home should be without it, because when needed it is needed quickly.

Obtainable from any Chemist, prices 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user or MONEY BACK in full immediately & without question. SALTRATES, Ltd., Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

More Claims Paid

Total now 1,036

WHY does this total go steadily mounting each week? Because the benefits offered by the Greatest Free Home Insurance in the World are very real benefits, not imaginary ones. It costs you nothing to sign; it may cost you a good deal to delay. Sign the coupon below to-day.

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or £250 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel, or Boarding House.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to six week for disablement by fracture.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

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STROUD.—
W. BROWN, 21, Hyett Road, Cashes Green. Damage to Clothing and Furnishings.

ST. ANNES-ON-SEA.—
M. STENTON, 27, Nelson Street. Damage to Clothing and Furnishings.

HOME ACCIDENTS (£1 per week).

BUCKINGHAM.—
MRS. J. T. TARPIN, Dodford.

SOUTH WOODFORD, E. 18.—
MRS. CHINNERY, 9, Cowslip Road.

ROTHERHAM.—
MRS. WOOD, 54, Doncaster Road, Wath-on-Dearne.

NEWCASTLE.—
J. GREAVES, 46, Thistleberry Avenue.

CAMBS.—
E. J. LAKE, Soham.

CHISWICK, W. 4.—
W. NETTLETON, 7, Cornwall Grove.

YORK.—
MRS. D. PARKER, 27, Lindley Street Holgate.

Further claims held over pending investigation.

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CUT HERE

J.B.-29.7.21. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. Date.....A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B., 29.7.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Date.....

Exclusive Gift TO *REGISTERED* READERS ONLY.

No 29722
One Shilling
Gift Coupon
Free to Registered Readers
This Coupon is worth One Shilling and will be accepted in part payment of any "John Bull" Pen listed below. If already registered, quote registration number if possible.
Address JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. 1 "STANDARD" model; thoroughly useful, worth 10/6. Price 3/-; with coupon, 2/-.

No. 2 "DE LUXE" model. Handsomely chased. Price 4/6; with coupon, 3/6.

No. 3 "SAFETY" model, can be carried in any position. Price 6/-; with coupon, 5/-.

No. 4 "LEVER" self-filling model, lever self-filling device, screw cap; worth 17/6. Price 8/6; with coupon, 7/6.
All the above fitted with 14 ct. solid gold nibs, medium if speed.

No. 5 STYLO. Equal to any on the market. Price 3/6; with coupon, 2/6.
State whether fine, medium or broad nib is required.

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.

THE above coupon, value One Shilling, is offered absolutely free to *registered* readers of "John Bull." It will be accepted in part payment of any of the "John Bull" Pens illustrated. This generous offer is made as a special concession to *registered* readers, and also to encourage others to register. Tear out the coupon now and enclose with your order. If possible, quote your registration number. The offer is limited. Order to-day.

If you have not yet registered, do so at once, enclosing gift coupon with the registration forms you will find on this page.

If you have not yet registered, sign the forms on this page and you will at once become entitled to our 1/- Gift as well as the wonderful Free Insurance Benefits.

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

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PREPAID RATE: 8s. PER LINE, AVERAGING 6 WORDS.
MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "JOHN BULL," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

20/- CAPITAL and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51 and 52, Houndsditch, E.1.

ALL Money-making Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners in Drapery. Manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Write for Catalogue J. free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High street, Manchester.

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A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Others from 2/6.

IF YOU CAN AFFORD to spend £5, we offer you an UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY of Building your own Business. GOOD RESULTS PROVED. Interesting particulars, with Editorial opinions of Scheme, sent free.—Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Lovaine, (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads from 5/6; 1,000 Memos. 10/-; Handbills, 8/6; Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

NOT
"WHAT DOES IT COST?"
BUT
"DOES IT PAY?"

It is not so much what it costs as what an advertisement *produces* that counts. One advertiser in "Small Ads Worth Watching," who has not missed a single issue of JOHN BULL for years, writes: "Please renew our advertisements in JOHN BULL, as we are anxious not to miss any insertions in your paper. We have not only received more orders from your paper than any others with similar charges, but their cash values have been greater. We are more than satisfied with results." Isn't that proof that JOHN BULL is a consistent puller? If you personally have an article to sell, a service to offer, or a proposition to make, remember that a little JOHN BULL Want-Ad. is the most effective and economical method of reaching the great buying public. Try it! Write out the ad. that summarises your proposition *now* and send it to the Advertisement Manager, JOHN BULL, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Mark your envelope "Next issue," and enclose remittance (payable to Odhams Press Ltd.), at the rate of 8/- per line, averaging 6 words.

RETAILERS' BARGAINS.

CAMERAS.—Bargains: "Zodel" 3¼ x 2¼ double extn. plate camera, F4.5 anastigmat lens, Compur shutter, £10; Vest-pocket, £6 17s. 6d.; 3¼ in by 2¼ in. Roll Film, £8 17s. 6d. Exchange. Appro.—Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 119, New Bond Street, London, W., and at Sheffield.

CYCLISTS!—The Fitzpatrick new edition of "Highways and Byways" is more interesting than ever. Customers "flabbergasted" at the unthinkable value of "Captain" Cycles! Tyres of first-class quality at staggering prices! Thousands of accessories. Just two words, "Catalogue, please," and this mighty big book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models, post free.—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

THE MANDELETTE Camera takes permanent photographs direct on to postcards and completes the photographs in one minute: no plates, films, printing, or dark-room required. Full instructions with every camera. Price £3 10s., with tripod, 15 cards, and concentrated developer. Pamphlet free on request.—A. E. Norton, 259, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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PATTERNS post free. Hemstitched, inserted, 50 in. 11½d. per yard; Also Coloured Fadeless Cloths, 2/- in 9 discount this week.—Ludlow: 51, The Looms, Bradford.

EVERY woman sending 32/6 for our Enamel Kitchen Outfit (18 pieces) saves 17/6 shop prices. Send 32/6 to-day.—Direct Sales Service, 27a, Oxford Street, Manchester.

15/6 Carriage Paid.—Ladies' or Gent's Showerproof Trench Rubber Lined, fawn or navy. Length and chest measurement, with cash to D. Cohen, 14, Lever St., Manchester.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

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MUSIC.—Special advertising offer: 10/- parcel of new Pianoforte Music for 2/6. Money ret. if dissatisfied.—Imperial Mus. Pub. Co., 31, Newman Street, W.1.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambs., South Street, E.C.2.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH, straight from sea. Parcels 4/- upwards. Prime quality, cleaned, carriage paid. Fishmongers and Friers supplied.—Pearl Fish Co., Grimsby.

POULTRY YARD.

UTILITY Poultry Keeping.—A most practical and up-to-date book (2/-, post free) from Mason, publisher, Grange-over-Sands.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WINDOW DRESSING.—A highly-paid, artistic and interesting profession. Postal tuition, low fees. Booklet free.—Dept. 50, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford St., W.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS? If so, a Metropolitan College postal training will enable you to compel high salaried success. Subjects: Accountancy Secretaryship, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Commercial and Company Law, Advertising and Sales Management, Business Organisation, Matriculation and professional Preliminary Examinations. 1,300 successes at professional examinations in 1921. Many intensely practical non-examination courses—moderate fees, by instalments, if desired. "Students' Guide," a handsome volume of 132 pages, free on request.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 31, St. Albans.

LEARN the Mail Order Business, and be your own master. £5 capital can make £500 a year. Write for parties, Dept. W.10, Shaw Institute, 1, Montague Street, W.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1763D), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2.

£100 CHALLENGE.—Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, etc., positively and permanently cured without operation, rest, drugs, or bandages, by wonderful new scientific discovery. Instant relief, safe, painless, no experimenting, no relapse, no quackery, failure impossible. A certain cure, even if hospitals, specialists, surgeons, and other treatments unsuccessful. Hundreds of sworn testimonials. Sufferers should call or write NOW for copies, Booklet "B," and free sample. Expert male and female attendants.—Le Brasseur Surgical Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville Street Piccadilly, London, W. Head Office—90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham; Manchester Branch—Princes Chambers, 36, Pall Mall.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars stamp.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, Shyness, Blushing.—Interesting book, describing genuine self-cure, sent privately, 3d.—Henry Rivers (Desk 34), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

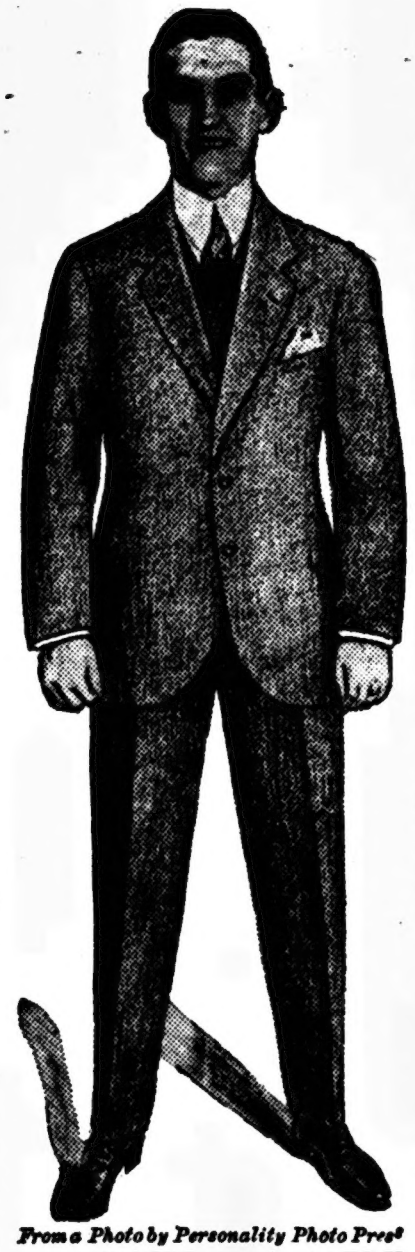
DOUGLAS, I.O.M.—Chadwick's "Claremont." Loch Promenade. Ideal position, near landing Pier, G.P.O., and Amusements. Board. res. Reasonable charges.—Write for Tariff B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHEN the children—the little beggars—tear their clothes, don't *stitch* them up, use "Mend-a-Tear." Two minutes—a hot iron—the tear's gone! 2d. stamp will fetch free sample. Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

HANDSOME MEN are slightly sunburnt. "Suntan" gives this tint (harmless, genuine, undetectable). 2/-, 3/6.—E. Worth, 25, Westmoreland Road, Bayswater, London.

HOW to gain Glorious Health that never skips a day. A powerful physique, increased stature. A complete education in physical culture for 2/6. Praised by thousands. H.M. the King of Siam, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. Booklet free.—Write, Percival Carne, Caerphilly, Cardiff, S.



From a Photo by Personality Photo Press

CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED SUIT.

A 6 GUINEA ALL WOOL Blue Serge SUIT for £3 : 10 : 0

TO MEASURE.

Indigo Dyed, London Shrunk and absolutely guaranteed

ALL WOOL

By Conditioning House Certificate quoted below.

Cut and tailored to your own measurements (we are exclusively measure tailors doing no ready-made trade). You will have a suit produced by experts with eighteen years' actual and practical experience of clothes building.

Report of the Conditioning House on the material from which this remarkable £3 10 0 Blue Serge Suit is made;

"I HAVE ANALYSED THIS PATTERN OF CLOTH, AND FIND IT COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF WOOL." Signed E. H. TOWNEND, for the CITY OF BRADFORD CORPORATION

NO OTHER FIRM IN THE WORLD COULD WORK ON OUR LOW MARGIN OF PROFIT.

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
£2 : 10 : 0
Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

£6 : 6 : 0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN ASSOCIATION
The sure guarantee.
To measure
£3 : 10 : 0
The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

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PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS.
The choicest products of our very best English Mills
£5 : 5 : 0
To measure
Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this suit could be wished.

£3 : 3 : 0
ALL-WOOL SPORTS COAT
To measure for
£1 : 10 : 0

£12 : 12 : 0
BOND STREET DRESS SUIT for
£6 : 6 : 0
The Perfection of Evening Dress Wear.

FREE

Send for Free Patterns of all these wonderful values.

THE SILENT TAILOR.

With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM (The Silent Tailor), when from your own measures we guarantee your completest satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us, but 2 6 more than has been paid. Could we make such an offer, we ask, were our performance one little whit behind our promise! Obviously not.

YOU HAVE, THEREFORE, NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEING OUR PATTERNS and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else.

WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

S. A. BARRY & CO., Call or Write,

(J.B. Dpt.), 26, City Rd., London, E C. 1 (Near Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminus.)

Foresight and Fitness

Good Health is *not* a thing of chance. It is the *result* of physical foresight—of living the right way.

Inherited good health proclaims the right living of one's ancestors. The reverse applies equally. Presuming a reasonably good start in life, your health, good *or* bad, is merely an expression of your way of living.

Rational living and the exercise of physical common-sense will *preserve* good health, *improve* indifferent health, and *transform altogether* the "never-really-well" condition of such a large number of mankind.

Here is the simple, time proved, Andrews' way of keeping healthy:

Live cleanly, study yourself and respect your body. Keep it clean *inside*, as well as outside. Eat simple fare in moderation; drink what suits and *benefits* you. Don't overwork. Take reasonable recreation. Get to bed in decent time and remember that fresh air is a vital factor. Spend at least *two hours a day* outdoors and work and sleep with windows open.

Another point—Watch the little Ills. Correct them as they arise. Keep Andrews' Liver Salt handy in the Home, and as soon as Nature indicates the need for help, in her own sure way, take, or *give*, a glass of sparkling, refreshing, body-cleansing, Health-preserving Andrews'

Following out this common-sense programme will surely enable you and yours to develop full energy of mind and body, and make of Life the joy it really is. Keeping well is *your* job. Andrews' is a great help—to many, *many* thousands—but nothing made or sold in Tin or Bottle can ever *permanently* take the place of decent, rational living and self-care.

Andrews' is the largest-sale-Saline. It has been helping thoughtful people *to keep well* for nearly thirty years. It is the Nation's *family* corrective—gentle to the aged, pleasant to the Children, and *utterly dependable* for all ages in correcting life's little Ills.

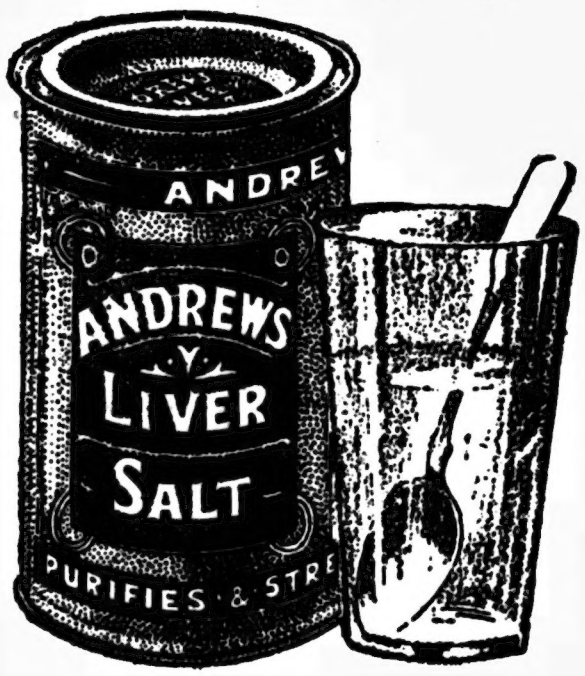
Take care to get the genuine Andrews Liver Salt—sold by Chemists, Grocers, Stores, etc., throughout the United Kingdom

4 ounces net USUAL SIZE 10d. FAMILY SIZE 8 ounces net 1/5

Save your Andrews' Lids

You can exchange, *free of any charge*, Lids from 12 small or 6 large Tins for the Andrews' *combined* Tooth Brush, Lid-opener, Scoop-measure and Stirrer; or for the Andrews' Nickel-plated Pencil Case (complete with re-fills); or for the Andrews' Self-filling Fountain Pen or for the Andrews' two-bladed Pocket-knife. Send Lids, with your name and address distinctly written, indicating *which* of the four Gifts you want, to Scott & Turner, Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Eng.

The Secret of Good Health!



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is all you pay for our No. 602A Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33⅓% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

MODEL 602

£5 15s CASH

Mead

Cycle Company (1922), Ltd. (Dept. B697), Birmingham.

"GRASSHOPPER" POSITIVELY CURES.

ALBERT'S 'GRASSHOPPER' OINTMENT

Possesses such remarkable penetrative and curative powers that it never fails to cure all cases—however serious or long standing—of

Bad Legs, Varicose Ulcers, Fistula, Piles, Carbuncles, Boils, Ringworm, Poisoned Wounds, etc. "Grasshopper" goes to the root of the trouble, brings the disease to the surface and heals from underneath.

NO HOUSEHOLD should be WITHOUT A BOX for it is invaluable for **Cuts, Burns, Abrasions, Stings, etc.** Of all Chemists and Drug Stores. Home price 2/- per box, smaller size 1/3 or direct from ALBERT & CO., 36, North Road, Holloway, London

FREE "The Joy of Life."

This valuable health guide will show you how to enjoy buoyant health 365 days in the year without medicine or special exercise—how to get well and keep well, how to have a pure blood stream and contented nerves. Send 1½d. stamp for postage to

Mr. J. B. SCOTT,
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The Kynaston Method

is proving daily that the knife is used without reason. Operations on

ENLARGED TONSILS AND ADENOIDS

are always dangerous and frequently useless. They are repeatedly followed by death. Lt.-Col. Kynaston is fighting the children's battle. His advice on any form of Catarrhal trouble is available if you will write (enclosing stamp) to:—

The Secretary, Kynaston Institute,
19 Regent Street, London, S.W.1

"SEXUAL DISEASE and its prevention."

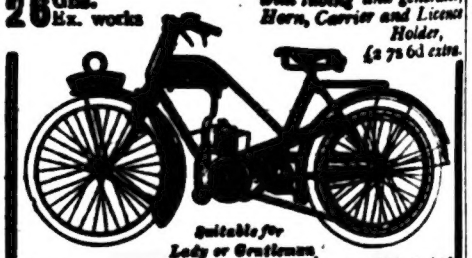
By Dr. H. N. ROBSON,

with contributions by Sir James Crichton-Browne, Sir Bryan Donkin and Sir G. Archdall Reid. The most interesting book of the year. Crown 8vo. 108 pages. 2/- net of all booksellers, or 2/3 net post free from publisher.

J. R. WILDMAN, 156, Fleet St., London.

26 Gns. Ex. works

Front and rear gas lamps, with tubing and generator, Horn, Carrier and Licence Holder, £2 7s 6d extra.



Suitable for Lady or Gentleman.

Write at once for details of this remarkable light weight motor cycle. Costs only ¼d. per mile to run, travels 25 to 30 miles per hour and gives dependable service all round. The most amazing motor cycle value ever offered. Write for details or call to-day.

McKENZIE.

G. E. McKenzie, 2 9, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

15 Best Stories of the Month in PAN

Vol. XXXII. No. 813
Week ending Saturday,
July 29 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9666
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

A Bad Example.

The Economy Bill has been dropped. It is so much easier to preach than to practise.

The Will and The Way.

We notice that Miss Ashley said "I will." But we rather fancy the other will helped a little.

Married Teachers.

In Cheshire women teachers must resign on marriage. Is it not against public policy to punish a woman for getting married?

Do It Now.

When are we going to get a reduction in season ticket rates for city workers? The ramp has gone on long enough.

"Some Swap."

Some Americans would like us to give them the British West Indies in liquidation of our debt to Uncle Sam. Say! Can you beat it?

Planes or Ships?

If the air experts prove to be right, those politicians who commit the safety of this country to the capital ship will be guilty of a capital crime.

Lord Hewart's Emotion.

The Lord Chief Justice's emotion at the school of the son he lost at Gallipoli evokes universal sympathy. It is good to be human as well as an able Judge.

The Parti-Coalition.

The Lord Chancellor's speech at the garden party given by Lt.-Col. W. Grant Morden, M.P., practically implied that the Unionists rule the Coalition roost. Liberals are waiting for the Premier's rejoinder.

Common Sense and Common Law.

By deferring judgment in a betting by cheque case until the new Act came into force, Judge Harington tempered justice with common-sense. Some of our Judges might imitate his worldly wisdom.

Millionaires Unashamed.

Mr. John Gay, of the American Federation, tells us that 20,000 new millionaires came into being during the war. We made a few here too, but income-tax and other things make them very modest about it.

Cash on Delivery.

The greatest consternation has been caused among those who have paid up and are waiting for their Peerages. The only persons who score are those who insisted on C.O.D. terms. The laugh is on their side.

A Red Minority.

The South Wales miners who voted for affiliation with the Red Trade Union International are a bit behind the times, but they will learn soon that Red is no longer a fashionable colour in Labour circles.

A Commons Farce.

The Honours Debate in the House of Commons was a monumental display of hypocrisy. The solemn plea that contributions to Party funds should not *debar* a man from being rewarded with a title was the limit of impudence.

A Title Deed.

The best Honours story is that of the Baronet whose creditors pressed him for payment. To save him from bankruptcy he recovered from his Party what he had paid, retaining thereby his solvency and his title.

Rebel Cork.

The Irish war continues to inflict heavy loss on property and trade, with an extraordinarily light casualty list. The rebels are retreating southward and are going to make a big final stand. *Watch Cork.*

Deferred Payments.

The National Union of Railwaymen want pensions of 30s. a week at the age of 60. Many people would prefer 60s. a week at the age of 30. Unfortunately the public would have to pay, and they haven't got a bottomless purse to pay from.

Distinction and Difference.

An "Assistant-Solicitor, unestablished," drawing £900 a year at the Post Office, has been sacked in the interests of economy. He has been appointed an "additional Assistant Solicitor" at £1,000 a year. He is not complaining: the taxpayer is.

The Right Note.

Mr. Bonar Law struck the right note when he said that our future lies in developing our trade with our own colonies. Central Europe is smashed and it will be many years before it recovers.

Cheaper Fish.

Our paragraph last week on the cost of fish has been followed by a decrease in price. The Billingsgate vendors say cod should be sold at fivepence a pound. In most of the shops it is at least eightpence. It must come down.

Insidious.

The Members of the House of Commons have just subscribed £1,000 for the policemen and attendants. Both are well-paid and pensionable. For the waiters and waitresses who get the sack until next Session there is no collection.

A Convict Hero.

The "life" convict who recently jumped into a quarry hole at Peterhead to try and save a fellow convict, has been reprieved. For once the Home Office has done the right thing, and done it promptly.

The Crock of Gold.

The late Mr. Walter Winans' romance with an eighteen-year-old girl who ran up sixteen hundred bills in twelve months is an illuminating story. There are still condescending people who think it right to lecture the poor for their extravagance.

A Capital Idea.

The Germans, in their anxiety for a moratorium, promise to take steps to stop the flight of capital. It is rather like locking the stable door after the steed has disappeared. Will supplies for Doorn be stopped too?

Sharing the Burden.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is right in chasing the income-tax dodgers who have fled to the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands. The adjacent island of Great Britain ought not to have the exclusive privilege of paying-up.

Lady Beatty's Brooch.

Congratulations to Lady Beatty, who has found her two-thousand-pound brooch. Congratulations, too, for the other guests, who felt themselves under a cloud. They are doubtless of the opinion that a better search might have been made before the hue-and-cry was raised.

Muddling the Law.

Another case of wrongful conviction has resulted in the quashing of the sentence upon a man charged at Westminster with importuning male persons. The long list of police failures in charges of this kind denotes muddling somewhere. Since reputations are at stake, greater care should certainly be exercised.

Starving Shepherds.

Despite the terrible condition of the hundreds of ordained clergy who cannot even get curacies at £3 a week, incumbents go on giving special duty at holiday time to retired clergymen who do not need the few guineas that would be a godsend to their poorer brothers. The shabby clergyman has no chance as a *locum*, poor chap! But what a tragedy!

Uncivil Servants.

If the Government do not intend to replace any more girl clerks by ex-Service men, the least they can do is to insist upon those who remain conducting themselves properly. It is not very edifying, when one is interviewing an official, for a girl to come bouncing into the room without knocking, fling down a file, and chirp airily "Sorry to keep you waiting, old bean!" Yet that is a sample of the manners of some of the fair sex in Whitehall.

The Children's Champion.

When a landlord applied to Judge Parry of Lambeth for possession of rooms on the plea that the tenant allowed his child to play hide-and-seek in the hall, his Honour took a stand which will be approved by every child-lover in the country. "You will tell me that children are a nuisance next," he said, and refused the requested Order. If the nation's babies are to be "cribbed, cabined and confined" at the behest of curmudgeon landlords, the next generation will have to look abroad for young stalwarts to defend them in the hour of need.

Quack! Quack!!

Terrible things are being done to people's mouths in country districts by the worst type of unqualified dentist, who knows that his record will prevent him from being registered under the new legislation. It is up to the British Dental Association to look into some of the more flagrant cases.

Poplar's Poor Laws.

Poplar Municipal Alliance does good work in exposing flagrant cases of subsidisation by the local Guardians of unemployed men who will not take jobs. In various local shipbuilding yards "scores of men" can have work at £3 10s., or even £4 a week, but they will not work for such wages while, they say, they can get all they need from the Guardians by not working at all. If an able man is offered work and will not labour, neither should he eat.

Chesterfield's Children.

A very serious state of affairs exists at Chesterfield. According to the Education Committee's report, there were 130 feeble-minded children in the borough, 25 epileptics, 31 physically defective through consumption, 105 physically defective from other causes, and 904 dull or backward children—nearly 1,200 in all. No special educational provision has been made for these youngsters, and it is high time something was done.

Stolen Keys in Sunderland.

An extraordinary feature of some recent burglaries in Sunderland was the ease with which the premises were entered. Certain wiseacres point out that when houses are to let, at least half-a-dozen agents have keys to admit prospective tenants. Some of these keys are not always handed over to incoming tenants, and may eventually reach dishonest persons. Householders should take warning, and secure all the front door keys.

Lowestoft Company's Greed.

The Lowestoft Water and Gas Company were well snubbed by Judge Herbert-Smith the other day. They sued a man for £17, which was actually in the hands of a firm of accountants for payment to them! His Honour said he would make no Order, as the action was a most improper one. It is well that the small man is sometimes protected against the tyranny of a powerful corporation.

Bristol for Babies!

At a recent garden party of the Bristol Schools for Mothers there were 46 entries for the prizes offered for the best twins. Forty-five of these were disqualified because they had not been vaccinated, so we presume it was a walk-over—or should we say "crawl-over"?—for the forty-sixth couple. It seems absurd to disqualify so many bonny babies simply because they have not undergone the operation.

Persecution at Lincoln.

Louisa Herring, of Ingleby, Lincoln, was summoned for selling poultry in the Monson's Arms Hotel yard, when she should have sold it in the special Market. The City Magistrates promptly dismissed the case, but it is more than scandalous that public time and money should be wasted in trying to stop a poor woman from obtaining a living in her best market.

Holy Heanor.

Heanor, in Derbyshire, is ruled by the unco guid, who, with the arrogance of their kind, recently turned down the reasonable demand that the Recreation Ground might be opened for a couple of hours on Sunday evenings. Councillor Horsley said the application was objectionable on the grounds of Sabbath observance. Such smug sabbatarianism makes us sick.

"Crime" and Punishment.

Mr. Wilmott, a West Ham school teacher, caned a ten-year-old boy, who was inattentive, so severely that he left a mass of bruises on his left side. When summoned by the boy's mother for assault, he was exonerated by the Bench on the score that "punishment that left no marks would be no punishment at all." We have heard of some inane observations from the Bench, but this is easily first.

Bunkum at Bath.

The Bath Education Committee, after profound discussion, have decided to cut out shorthand and book-keeping from their secondary schools curriculum as "having no educational value." On the contrary, shorthand and book-keeping are of high educational value to pupils seeking a business career, while for those intent on a professional one shorthand is an asset to be highly estimated. And Bath is the headquarters of Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons!

Fish and Flesh.

The ways of some Magistrates are past finding out. A man who admitted a barefaced theft from a market stall at Mansfield was let off on payment of costs, whilst the next defendant, a man who stole a length of ribbon from a store, was sent to gaol for a month, despite his plea for leniency for the sake of his wife and three children. "Their Worships" were a Quaker, a Wesleyan and a Primitive Methodist. Did their diverse tenets preclude them from finding the golden mean?

LOOK IN THE GLASS!

by CLEMENCE DANE

WE women always had and always will have a deal to put up with; but I wonder if it is not good for us sometimes to pause and realise how lucky we are in this nineteen hundred and twenty-second year of grace: lucky, I mean, compared, not with our sisters of the dark ages, but with our grandmothers, our mothers, even our own selves of thirty, twenty, and ten years ago.

Said a man to me the other day—"Well, now you've got your vote, are you women so much the better for it? Your M.P.s, your doctors, and your Justices of the Peace may enjoy themselves, but the *average* woman, what difference has it made to her? Politics bore her and she is not interested in the arts: she is just the sensible, hard-working, busy woman that she always was, with her hands full of house and husband and children. How has she benefited? Where has she changed?"

"Well," I said, "look at her clothes!"

Do you remember (with a shudder) the clothes of—not so long ago? I can just remember the outgoing of the bustle, the cloth capes of the early 'nineties, the gigantic sleeves, the hour-glass waists, the dusty, trailing skirts. Do you remember when bicycles first came in? We wore starched collars in those days and men's straw hats on the top of our screwed hair. How hot our thick black stockings were, how awkwardly we moved in our endless flannel petticoats and ramrod stays! And fifteen years ago do you remember the ridiculous plate hats perched on four inch props, and how our collars were boned to the ears and how our sleeves trailed in the soup? And only ten years ago, what of our hobble skirts? Weren't we hampered and enslaved and ridiculous, we women of—not so long ago?

But to-day, in spite of the little eccentricities of fashion, we wear what we please. Our clothes hang loosely and comfortably; our corsets are mere belts: we are neither breathless, nor choked, nor overweighted. We are free. Said a middle-aged player the other day, as she watched the wonderful Mlle. Lenglen in her head-ribbon and her one-piece frock, "Ah, my dear, it wasn't that we used to play so badly: it was the clothes!"

Fashion does no more than reflect the mood of the age. If woman, looking at herself in that glass, sees a natural figure, a free carriage, a healthy body, and garments falling in practical, graceful lines, what conclusion shall she draw? This is the age of the emancipation of women. Is emancipation a success? Is it good for her? Does it suit her?

Look in the glass!

Abuse of Power at Crewe.

At Crewe Junction the other day a number of convicts were taken across the platform, and kept for some time in a train, while a brutal crowd of sightseers looked on. Such a thing must stop. The authorities have the right to punish, but not to torture, the unfortunate men in their charge!

A Birmingham Plague Spot.

In Birmingham recently a well-to-do resident was stricken with a virulent skin disease, but the doctors were quite unable to decide how he had caught it. After careful inquiries it was found that a suit, just bought by the patient, was completed in a sweating den by a woman who was suffering from the same disease. Obviously a very strong argument against farming-out work to sweated labour.

Poverty at Leeds.

Thomas and Annie Rawnsley and their two boys lived at Leeds in a shed nine feet by four; grass was used for beds; old coats for coverings, and the whole family washed in a seven-pound paint tin! Rawnsley eked out a precarious living by selling chocolates, but could not find proper lodgings, children being considered a nuisance. Be it in the north or the south, however, landlords must not be allowed to enforce restrictions on families.

A Reading Victim.

Although Arthur Cyril Richards, of Durham, received a naval gratuity of £100 he was summoned by Miss Mary Florence Law, of Reading, for £15 19s. arrears of maintenance for her child. The Bench said he deserved no sympathy at all, for he spent the money which should have helped to relieve the young woman's burden. Two months' imprisonment was his sentence, but it is shameful that the mother is left without board and lodging!

Futile Fining.

Frederick Hobden, of Willingdon, Sussex, was convicted at Hailsham of what a "vet." described as the most diabolical case of cruelty he had ever seen. He found a cow in Hobden's field with one eye completely eaten away by maggots and replaced by cancerous growths. It had been in this condition for many months, and defendant actually declared that the animal had milked well. Yet this callous brute was let off with a fine of £10! Diabolical, indeed!

Mob Justice.

An incident that occurred recently at Sunderland should be a lesson to all Magistrates prone to be unduly lenient with those vile creatures who pollute little girls. After Richard Middleton had been sentenced to the absurdly light term of four months' hard labour for indecently assaulting a girl of eight, he was set on by an infuriated crowd, mainly women, and narrowly escaped with his life. Sometimes mob law assumes the aspect of true justice.

The Welsh Wife.

Mrs. Morgan, a Barmouth County Councillor, appeared to be greatly shocked when it was reported to the Dolgelly Guardians that a man had left his wife on account of her extravagance and violence, and exclaimed: "It seems incomprehensible that a Welsh woman would give an English husband black eyes!" Incomprehensible to Mrs. Morgan, perhaps. We wonder what the woman would have done to a Welsh husband. Or what he would have done to her.

Slums at Cardiff.

Fifty-four people in eight rooms! That is the unenviable record of a house in Cardiff. The head landlord receives forty pounds in rent a year, but the tenant who sub-lets on this wholesale scale gets at least double that amount! From all points of view, a most undesirable system.

The Weymouth Way.

Justice seems to squint at Weymouth. A fourteen-year-old boy who stole and sold a camera, and a sixteen-year-old girl who stole some jewellery, were both bound over; but a twelve-year-old girl who on a sudden impulse picked up another customer's purse in a shop was sentenced to be sent to an industrial school for four years. The Weymouth Bench badly needs overhauling.

Kill-Joys at Grimsby.

Grimsby is divided into two camps with regard to the antics of seven-year-old boy bathers in the river Freshney. The Rev. T. Laurie Gentles objects to their entire lack of covering, but Councillor King declares that their pranks are quite decent and harmless. Grimsby must not be too squeamish. The Chief Constable has full power to deal with any act of indecency, and that is sufficient.

The Virtue of Vigilance.

The Edmonton District Council, composed mainly of Labour members, recently decreed that the market stalls on the Broadway must be removed. But the Street Traders' Association discovered that the Council had no more jurisdiction over the Broadway than the man in the moon. It is inexplicable that a Labour Council should try to deprive men who fought for their country of an opportunity to earn an honest living.

"Twice Bless'd."

At sixteen Gwennie Selby, the daughter of simple country folk, living near Leeds, cannot have known much of life. A brute of thirty-five seduced her. Mr. Justice Acton, before whom she was charged with the murder of her child, awarded a nominal sentence to enable her to go into a home. "Blessed are the merciful."

The Vanishing Trick.

Recently an individual styling himself J. Waterlow, Postal Traders' Publicity Agent, with an accommodation address in Bishopsgate, London, E.C., advertised for envelope addressers, requiring deposits of 10s. or 20s. Waterlow has evaporated into thin air without sending the envelopes or refunding the money. This adds point to our article in last week's issue "The Rogues' Retreat."

A Prize Plea.

"Just a lapse from the path of rectitude" was the astonishing description given by a Wigan solicitor to the conduct of a couple of cowardly scoundrels who followed a married woman at midnight and felled her from behind with a jemmy. Fortunately the Magistrates decided that three months behind iron bars was the best treatment for that sort of moral malady. But wasn't the solicitor also in need of medicine?

And Costs!

When a country boy named William Brice, of Elmstead, was summoned at Folkestone Petty Sessions for plucking a few flowers on the Leas, the Bench fined him 2s. 6d. and 2s. costs. That seems ridiculous enough. But when we find that the police spent a whole fortnight touring the countryside in a motor-car in search of him, we are left wondering how much the absurd prosecution must have cost the ratepayers.

THINGS ARE WHAT THEY ARE

by ARNOLD BENNETT

ONE of the most famous of all University Professors once made a very profound remark. It contained nothing original, nor new, nor subtle, nor startling, nor witty. Indeed, it was a platitude undisguised. Nevertheless the professor's remark engraved itself on the mind of a whole generation. The professor said: "Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why, therefore, try to deceive yourselves?"

We seem just now to have reached a period of waking up to the true facts of the case, and to be saying with emphasis: "Things *are* what they are, and it's no use pretending otherwise any longer." Certain prominent persons in Ireland have apparently reached this stage of grace. The British Government has perceived that doles are doles, whether paid out of the national exchequer or out of the Poor Law borrowings. The British Government even shows some sign of comprehending that you cannot both kill trade and encourage trade by one and the same dodge. The British Labour Party has opened its eyes and seen that, whatever the misdoings of manufacturers, wages have to come from somewhere and cannot be produced by mere ardent desire. Germany has noticed that paper marks can be neither eaten nor drunk. And France has reached the epoch-making discovery that you cannot draw six quarts out of a gallon—the gallon being Germany.

In short, after nearly four years of intoxicated lunacy Europe is being brought to some sort of reason by the quiet, relentless force of "things" and the consequences of "things." But no credit is due to Europe for this reassuring change of attitude. For dozens of months the few people wise enough to remember that two and two always make four, have been telling Europe what must be the result of pretending that two and two would make five if only she got into a temper and swore that two and two *must* make five.

The result has come. The result is upon us all. We see it—nay, we feel it with acuteness. And we are murmuring darkly—though not quite openly yet: "All right! We may as well admit that two and two make approximately four."

We have been very slow to make the admission. But we need not be too hard on ourselves. Human nature is like that. Our passions have been engaged, and one of the chief characteristics of man is that when his passions are engaged he will cut off his nose to spite his face. Fortunately his nose grows again and again, until at length he has a spark of common sense and decides to leave the nose alone. But one day, if he isn't careful, he might cut it off once too often.

SECRET HISTORY of the HONOURS SCANDAL

Why the Prime Minister Proffered His Inquiry Commission

OF all the numerous scandals associated with the Lloyd George Government in the last two or three years nothing has stirred public indignation deeper than the disgraceful revelations which are gradually coming to light concerning what are humorously termed "honours."

Favours seem to have been distributed in two directions: firstly to those who were able to pay the price demanded, either by a large contribution to the Party funds or to a number of newspaper proprietors and editors who were prepared to support the Government policy; and secondly to a certain limited number of gentlemen who had deserved well of their country. With the latter we have no concern. No suspicion of scandal attaches to them, and they can be left in enjoyment of the titles they have honourably earned.

The Prime Minister, when taxed in the House of Commons with the fact that for over two years touts, both male and female, have been going around to wealthy men telling them that they were in a position to put forward their names for either a baronetcy or a knighthood, professed a bland ignorance of such matters. But JOHN BULL is in possession of information which establishes beyond doubt that such people are hawking "honours" about.

The case of the Liverpool shipowner who agreed to pay £100,000 to Party funds for an "honour," but whose executors upon his decease demanded and obtained a refund, has already been dealt with in Parliament. Following upon the *coup* at Liverpool, the intermediary engaged—a woman—fastened upon a well-known London business man—a Mr. D.—much interested in railway and electrical matters. The lady was affability itself. After mentioning that a friend of his, Sir T—R—, had suggested her calling, she proceeded: "Some of your friends think, Mr. D—, that the Government treated you very badly after all you did for them. I don't know for certain, mind you, but I think if you were willing to make a donation of £25,000 to the Party funds you could have a baronetcy before long. I think I could promise you that your name would be put forward in the right quarter. Of course, I should want something in the nature of a commission for myself, somewhere about £5,000."

"I'm afraid there's nothing doing," replied Mr. D—. "You see, I don't want a baronetcy, or anything else. And, if I did, I shouldn't buy it. Good morning."

There are very few of our war profiteers who do not know this Mrs. — of Kensington. She has called on them all, and where the man is not amenable to "reason" she calls on the wife—where success usually awaits her. Her tale, like that of the confidence man, is nearly always the same.

The lady herself lives in a sumptuous house, entertains lavishly, and is the intimate friend of some of the most influential people in Whitehall. Her *modus operandi* is simple; she has to find the "mugs," get them to put down so many thousand pounds and get what she can for herself on the deal. In less than three years she has made over £25,000.

Perhaps the greatest scandal of all, and one of which the Prime Minister must be thoroughly cognisant, is the manner in which certain newspaper proprietors are practically empowered to bestow titles in return for services rendered. There are two of these proprietors, and their methods are as follows: A. reports that he can get hold of a group of hitherto hostile newspapers, but that a considerable sum of money will be required. He is told to go ahead, which means that he has to find "mugs" to put up the money, in return for which they can have a title. But, perhaps the supply of "mugs" is short, and recourse has to be had to a bank. It transpires that the necessary £s.d. might be obtained if the General Manager can have a baronetcy. "Why not?" says the All-Powerful One. And so it happens. The bank advances, say, £750,000, to complete the purchase of the hitherto hostile group of newspapers, the Manager, in due course, gets his baronetcy, and everybody is happy.

The second proprietor works in a different way. Diplomacy is his strong suit. "Look here, son," he says to the owner of a frankly anti-L. G. organ, "what's the matter with you? Why don't you come in with us? I don't want to promise anything, you know, but if you'd only be sensible I shouldn't wonder if something happened in the next Honours List."

And if the misguided is "sensible" it duly does!

A very long list could be printed of men whose titles have been bought or acquired in the nature of a *quid pro quo*. Mr. Lloyd George may not know it, but some of his associates seem to have taken to themselves a great deal of power regarding the disposal of titles. The mysterious lady of Kensington, who seems to know all about 10, Downing Street, or perhaps we had better say 12, Downing Street, also appears to speak with a good deal of authority. She can always deliver the goods, as the saying is.

The King is the fountain of honour. It is a scandal that this woman should usurp his functions.

A SHABBY APPEAL

Great Firm's Mean Methods

ORDINARILY slow to anger the average Englishman is second to none in his swift resentment of an insult levelled at a woman—more especially when she is one of his own race, and the offender a foreigner.

But when Arthur Culpeck, a baker on board the s.s. *Ormonde*, interposed between some English ladies and an Egyptian who was using foul language towards them, he received more blame than praise from the owners, the Orient Steam Navigation Company.

The Egyptian drew a knife, and Culpeck, finding his life in danger, struck the miscreant in the mouth, receiving an injury to his finger that resulted in septic poisoning of the hand and arm.

Unable to continue his employment, he rightfully applied to the Company for compensation. This was refused on the monstrous ground that protecting women passengers from insult was outside the scope of his employment!

He very properly took his claim to the City of London Court, where he was awarded damages.

The Company earned the contempt of all possessed of a sense of chivalry by appealing—happily, unsuccessfully.

A prompt and handsome reward to Culpeck would have been more creditable.

JUSTICE OR PERSECUTION?

A Family Struggle with Fines and Food

THERE are places in this land where sacred motherhood, the theme of the poets and the painters, of the preachers and the teachers, since Time began, evokes no gentle compassion, no generous emotion.

So at least it seems to poor Mrs. Brodrick, of 111, Bonner Hill Road, Kingston-on-Thames, broken by fine after fine for her children's irregular school attendance.

Married at 18 to a builder's labourer, Mrs. Brodrick has mothered a family of twenty. Her husband when in work earns 43s. a week, and gives her 40s. For most of her married life she has had much less to house and clothe twenty children, to feed two and twenty mouths.

A terrible and unequal conflict. Six children died. Four married transferring the struggle to their own poor hearths. One is a soldier; another abroad; eight remain at home.

All are delicate—the tragic penalty of poverty and irregular upbringing. The eldest, a boy of 21, has a paralysed brain and earns nothing but an occasional compassionate copper for childish errands. He must be fed and clothed.

The next, Catherine, is 14, crippled with rheumatism, in and out of the local infirmary. There are six others, from four to thirteen, for whose irregular school attendance this poor mother has been fined—for the tenth consecutive time!

The ninth fine found her broken, almost collapsed. She was without money, and the children cried for food. To save her husband from prison, which would have left the kiddies defenceless to the world, she scraped up a 2s. instalment and proceedings were stayed.

On the day the last instalment of the ninth fine was paid the tenth—of 7s. 6d.—was imposed. The poor mother, in addition to fines and a rent of 14s. 3d., was paying instalments on five pairs of boots to equip her delicate children for school. Mumps had laid the family low and after that measles, the authorities forbidding the youngsters to attend school.

But the convalescence of these ailing, underfed kiddies took too long. There are cases where the law, famous for delays, will not wait.

In vain Mrs. Brodrick pleaded measles and mumps, and rent and hunger and a painful effort to get boots. Her previous convictions bound her to the iron wheel of Justice. "It is persecution," was her piteous despairing cry.

Justice or Persecution? Who was it described the law as a spider's web, in which the little flies are caught and the great ones break through?

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Woe No Wealth Could Ease

SHE had sinned, and sinned deeply in the eyes of the world, for she had brought forth a child without the preliminary sanction of Church or State.

She was a dispenser's assistant, and he was "a gentleman of independent means."

She was denied even such solace as an unmarried mother may find after "the pleasing punishment that women bear," for her child was taken from her at birth and adopted by strangers.

But the mother's breast yearned for her babe. For six months she lived in sleepless misery and loneliness. Then she wrote: "My life is finished. God knows how I want my baby. This suffering is dreadful. Its face is always before me. If only—— would let me keep it I should be happy."

So Florence Galbraith Chamberlain was found dead in her lodgings at Kensington with a gas tube close to her face.

At the inquest, Gerald Seton Topham, of no occupation, said he did not admit the paternity of the child, but since its birth had allowed the mother £300. His solicitor prepared a deed, one clause of which was that she should not know the child's whereabouts.

Could any wealth compensate for that cruel separation?

BELIEVE HIM—IF YOU LIKE!

THE PARTY MACHINE (to inquisitive nobody)—"Tut, tut, sir! Play the game and pretend you don't notice it. There may be a little bribery, but thank God there is no corruption!"

[The Party flacks are bluffing that after all the Honours for Cash System is only an innocent and picturesque national custom. But Common People are beginning to believe that the selling of "honours" might easily be accompanied by the selling of legislation.]

Our Weekly KINEMA

Tho' we'd been diddled at Genoa
Still in the Hague we trusted.
But there our bubble hopes once more
Have absolutely "busted."

Of late in Middle East affairs
Our muddlings so increased,
The place should now—so John declares—
Be called the "Muddle" East.

Why killjoy cranks should rule the land
We've never understood,
But now they've got to understand
Their "game" is up for good!

This problem still our statesmen shirk,
Tho' soothing words they utter;
But that won't give the workless work
Or bring them bread and butter.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To Viscount CHAPLIN,
6, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, W.

MY LORD,—I am very glad to learn that your recent breakdown in the course of a long speech in the House of Lords was not due to exhaustion but only to defective eyesight. You are a fine old sportsman and your speeches are always worth listening to—which is a rare thing in your Lordship's House. So get some better spectacles and try again. After all, you are only 80. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C., M.P.,
Recorder of London.

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—Into the heavy atmosphere of the Old Bailey you bring a real breath of fresh air. "You had a severe sentence when you were fourteen," you told an Old Bailey lag the other day, "and the natural result was that you went on stealing." You then gave him a chance, which no one ever thought of giving him before, and simply bound him over. If I may say so, you are proving yourself a really excellent Judge, with broad human sympathies. And the City of London is lucky to have got you as its Recorder. JOHN BULL.

To F. A. MACQUISTEN, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons, S.W.

SIR,—In the debate on the Criminal Law Amendment Act, you tabled the proposition that every female of the age of 16 or under should be forced to wear a pigtail. I suppose you meant it for a joke, and that you were not really surprised when the Chairman of the Standing Committee ruled you out of order on the score of frivolity. In view of the seriously large number of assault cases in which young girls are involved, the subject scarcely seems a right one to jest about. Let yourself go as a humorist on the sale of Honours, or the great question of fabric gloves, instead. JOHN BULL.

To the Duke of LEINSTER,
c.o. Michael Collins, Esq., Dublin.

YOUR GRACE,—I am glad to see that you have now given up the hobby of tearing and rampaging round the country in a high-speed car, imperilling the lives of mere pedestrians, and that you have enlisted in the Irish Free State Army to fight for the country of your ancestors. Make good there, help to bring peace to your distracted country, and your youthful eccentricities will be forgiven.
JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir ALFRED MORITZ MOND, Bart., Minister of Health.

SIR.—Your latest dictum is that the provision of new houses is in itself no cure for slums or overcrowding. So long as there are slums, you say, people will live in them. You have been very busy speech-making lately, and really the more you talk the more I am convinced that you don't know what you are talking about. JOHN BULL.

Postcard to the Rev. JOHN WAKERLEY,
President of the Wesleyan Congress, Sheffield.

You say that the call for a "Brighter London" means prolonging drinking until 2 a.m. If that is your idea of brightness, I am afraid you will find yourself in a very small minority. JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Herr LENIN,
Petrograd.

I see from the papers that you have been murdered again. I don't wish you any particular harm, but I do hope that one of these days the report of your death will turn out to be correct. JOHN BULL.

Telegram to WINSTON CHURCHILL,
Goodness-knows-where.

Just seen a green Homburg hat with pink spots in Brighton shop window. Am purchasing on your account. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. PERCY JACKSON,
Farmer, Wickford, Southend.

DEAR SIR,—Because the Southend dairy-men refused to force you to sell them milk at a price lower than was justified by the profits they were making out of the public, you started a retail milk round on your own account. The dairy-men endeavoured to buy you out, but you made the price too hot for them, and an attempt to pass a vote of censure upon you at the Farmers' Union was not supported. In the long run your line of action should tend to lower the price to the public, and so it has my blessing.
JOHN BULL.

To Miss E. R. GWATKIN,
Queen Mary High School, Walton, Liverpool.

MADAM,—You have put all neighbouring confectioners out of bounds in order to prevent your pupils from getting sweets on their way to and from school. I agree with the children and their parents, who resent this high-handed action, and consider that your jurisdiction begins and ends at the school gates. Your object seems to be to restrict all liberty and pleasure and make school life as uncomfortable as possible. Apparently you are more suited to run a prison than a school. JOHN BULL.

To JAMES MAY, Esq., J.P.,
Aldershot.

SIR,—In a town like yours it is of the first importance that there should be common sense Magistrates, and I am glad to include you in that category. William Parker, a lad of 17, meanly clad, but the picture of ruddy health, and accustomed to the open air since infancy, was brought before you on the charge of begging on a wet night for the price of a bed. Instead of committing him to a Home, you gave him some money to help him on his way. I am glad to see that my repeated protests against sending first offenders to mix with criminals are bearing fruit. JOHN BULL.

To Rev. J. MATTHEWMAN, Wesleyan Minister, Falkirk.

SIR.—You are angry with the "disastrous decision" of the L.C.C. in agreeing to open recreation grounds on Sunday afternoons, or as you poetically put it, "breaking down the fences around the Sabbath of organised pleasure," and you warn British workingmen that the fences will also be broken down for labour. Your knowledge of the British workingman is evidently as narrow as your gloomy mind. Between me, he is quite capable of looking after himself. Saturday afternoon, I would remind you, is set apart for pleasure, but I haven't noticed any consequent tendency to work on that occasion.
JOHN BULL.

To H. E. PRESTON, Esq.,
Chairman of Magistrates, Sessions House, York.

SIR,—Alfred Cooper pleaded guilty to indecently assaulting a little girl of seven. You, in your wisdom, decided to give him another chance and merely bound him over, thus showing the measure of your capacity as defender of the helpless. I wonder what this perverted young blackguard would have got if he had snared a rabbit or done anything serious like that! JOHN BULL.

To Miss PARRY,
Queen's Road, Minehead.

MADAM,—Minehead, you say, is a religious place, and on that account you object to the opening of tea-shops on Sundays, to cater for the people who visit the place in chars-à-bancs. I am glad to see that the other members of the District Council showed more common sense. Why should you force a man into a public-house to drink beer when he prefers a cup of tea and a bun? I shall have to put the temperance people on your track.
JOHN BULL.

Already Over ONE THOUSAND INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID—REGISTER TO-DAY.

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

Privileged Mud-throwers

THE attack made upon the integrity of two Peers of the Realm by a Member of Parliament during the course of the "Honours" debate in the House of Commons has once more directed public attention to a form of persecution that ought not to be tolerated in a country which has earned and maintains a world-wide reputation for fair-play in all its dealings.

There are occasions, we know, when plain speaking is of the utmost importance, and we have nothing but admiration for those men who are ready and willing to come out into the open to throw the searchlight of truth upon dark places. With such as these we will walk hand in hand. But we most certainly do condemn a privilege that permits mud-slinging with impunity.

There is as little justification for such a privilege as there would be in giving an aeroplane pilot permission to shower missiles upon unprotected pedestrians on the plea that while in the air he cannot be considered within the jurisdiction of earthly laws.

Mud-slinging is an admirably appropriate term for mud—real mud—well directed and slander have much in common. You may remove mud from your clothes, but there will still be an unsightly stain, and no matter how you strive to counteract the vile tongue of slander, you are never able to wipe out altogether the bad impression made upon the minds of others.

But it is not only in the Houses of Parliament that this despicable practice is allowed to continue. It is carried on to a much greater extent and with far more harmful effects, in the Courts of Justice by Counsel, who are privileged to make suggestions of a most damning nature about any person who happens to be a party to or a witness in an action.

We say quite frankly that there is no justice in such proceedings. No man or woman, whether in the Houses of Parliament or in the Law Courts, should be provided with an invulnerable shield from behind which poisoned darts may be thrown without danger to the thrower. It may please those who like a one-sided game, but it isn't cricket.

The Stigma of the Madhouse

UNLESS the public are emphatic in their demand for a thorough revision of our Lunacy Laws there is a grave danger that the efforts of those men who are making a searching inquiry into the present system, with a view to bringing about a much needed reform, will have been exerted in vain.

The cardinal aim of those who are seeking to bring the treatment of the insane into line with modern ideas is the removal of the asylum taint, which is much more serious to innocent sufferers than is even the prison stain to the criminal who has often only himself to blame.

Of the 50,000 persons annually admitted to asylums upon a certificate of insanity, as many as forty per cent. recover and go out into the world again. In a few cases there may be relapses, but the majority are cured and fit to take their places among their fellows—yet because they have been within the four walls of an asylum their future is blasted.

Those who are seeking to remodel the law—they are not ignorant busybodies and foolish idealists, but include medical men of eminence—maintain that a large number of the unfortunates who are every year certified insane and thrown into the asylums could be treated in special institutions free from the stigma of the madhouse. They plead for the establishment of mental sanatoria where the afflicted mind can be healed with the same amount of certainty as the afflicted body.

This would mean that the asylum would be kept for incurables only. Lunacy Commissioners and their assistants oppose this. "What!" they say, "leave us to be mere custodians of hopeless imbeciles, without the satisfaction of seeing our patients go out cured?"

It is a point of view with which a limited sympathy is possible—the physician's desire to see his work bear fruit. But it certainly does not justify the maintenance of a system which condemns all those whom it rescues from madness to bear for the remainder of their lives the dreadful burden of the sentence "He was once in an asylum."

Public opinion should be on the side of the reformers, and every support should be given to the Bill which they hope soon to introduce into Parliament.

Smart Set Morality

WHENEVER an important Society divorce case comes before the Courts there is one thing that is almost always certain. There will be a good deal of evidence which shows how very differently the "smart set" lives from the plain common people.

It is not so much that the code of morality is lower in the smart set than amongst people in a humbler walk of life—the plain people who are too often lectured on their deficiencies.

The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady, said Kipling, are sisters under their skins. The trouble about the smart set is not that it is wicked, it is merely frivolous. It lives a feverish life, rushing from one function to another, exhausting itself in the pursuit of pleasure, which it has no time to realise is a very different thing from happiness.

When its dirty linen is washed in public the suggestion is occasionally made that too much publicity is given to these trials, that some of the evidence should be given in camera, that the newspapers should be asked not to publish the disagreeable details.

In whose interest is this suggestion made? Is it in the interest of the public that the blinds should be drawn on the Courts of Law? If this were done in divorce cases, would there not be an equivalent demand for reticence in, say, financial scandals?

The wise Greek said that law was the bond of men in the cities. It is no less true to-day than it was two thousand years ago. Let us be very careful not rashly to accept specious reasons for tampering with its full public efficiency.

Jam To-morrow!

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is an incurable optimist, and he is nothing the worse for that. Optimism is a good quality. The pessimist is never a constructive critic.

Sir L. Worthington-Evans is also optimistic in the article we publish from his knowledgable pen. Like most politicians, he is confident that a good time is coming. As the cynic said, it's a good time coming.

Perhaps the politicians cannot help it, but they are always telling us how much better things are going to be in the future. Jam yesterday, said Alice in Wonderland, and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day.

The plain truth is—and it needs emphasis—that there is only one class that can help the working-class, and it is the working-class itself. It must work out its own salvation. We do not approve of the tendency to lecture the workers. That is far too common amongst our publicists and politicians But the working-class appreciates plain speaking.

If our trade is to be restored, if unemployment is to cease, it can only be because, as a producing and trading nation, we are delivering the goods and giving the best value. There is no other way.

Here is where the workers can help. By straining every effort to speed up production they will help the nation and help themselves. The politicians may talk; but when we come down to "brass tacks," in their own phrase, it is the workers who can do most to make this country better worth living in.

From a policy of earnest and honest production we shall all gain. But the workers will gain first and most.

Of their patriotism we do not doubt and never did. They showed it in the war. There are a lot of people who won the war. The working-men in the trenches were the real bringers of victory. Now the task before them is to win the peace.

Slander on British Seamen

OUR complaint last week that while more than 20,000 British seamen were idle, 15,000 Chinese were employed in British owned ships, has brought to light further amazing facts.

It appears that there is an agreement between the Seamen's and Firemen's Union and the Shipping Federation to the effect that the Chinese shall receive the same pay as white men. So the question of economy does not arise.

The true reason why Orientals are chosen, we are authoritatively informed, is because their services are preferred to those of white men by the captains of the ships.

Whatever the reasons advanced by these captains in defence of their choice, we can never wipe out the memory of the cowardly scenes which accompanied the sinking of the *Egypt*. Moreover, the suggestion that British seamen are in any respect inferior to the Lascar or Chinese is a slander foul enough to make every ancient mariner of this country turn in his grave.

BETTER TIMES COMING

by Sir WILLIAM SEAGER, D.L., M.P.

The Cardiff Shipowner.

BRITAIN is Great Britain still. Let there be no doubt on that subject. America may have the gold. Germany may have the cut prices. But Britain has the men, the machinery, the experience, the initiative, the adaptive qualities which make for true success.

Already the omens point to a revival. Our "devasted areas" are still in ruins, but inroads are being made in them by the salvage corps.

In my judgment—and I write after mature reflection—the tide is now running strongly in the right direction, the direction which means prosperity to Great Britain and the Empire, and full employment for all its citizens.

For months past watchers on the horizon have seen better days in sight. How they would come, why they would come, when they would come—these things they did not know. But around them they saw thousands of things happening daily and hourly which they knew would have the desired effect. In the financial markets at home and abroad gradual adjustments were taking place. Employees were being educated up to the influence of wages on prices. Employers were learning anew the economy of high wages. Both were coming gradually to recognise that the consumer is the real master of the situation.

For years we have been told that the United States is the country of the future. That the Old Country is played out has been the burden of the refrain almost for generations. I deny, with all the emphasis at my command, both statements.

For what do we find when we look around? In Europe every single nation, neutral and belligerent alike, looks to Great Britain for a lead. The United States sends thousands of its leading citizens every year to this country to study our institutions. In art, in literature, in science, in politics, British models are the last word for vigour, dignity, efficiency and honesty.

Can Great Britain compete? I am asked. Can she face the vigour of the American combined with the doggedness and penetrative qualities of the German? Great Britain is to-day competing, and competing successfully, in every market in the world. In some things Germany holds the field. In some the United States is before us. But looking at things in their true perspective we are more than holding our own.

Every age has its detractors. Our own is no exception. To my mind, at this time of crisis, these detractors are little short of traitors to their country. We live in days of supreme difficulty, when every ounce of optimism counts—sane optimism, that is; the optimism that sees in obstacles only a spur to greater endeavour, not the optimism that sees everything through rose-coloured glasses and refuses to face facts.

Great Britain has never yet chucked in her hand when difficulties faced her. She will not do it to-day. With belief in herself, with the aid of her Allies, she will go forward from triumph to triumph. Britain is Great Britain still.

MUCK AND MUDDLE

Anonymous Pest Again Active

IN a recent issue we drew attention to the appointment of Inspector Nichols as Chief Inspector at New Scotland Yard, recalling the amazing ineptitude shown by that officer in his failure to trace the anonymous author of the filthy postcards and letters which created such a sensation at Littlehampton a short time ago.

No sooner had the appointment been announced than the same venomous head was upreared, in defiance of the police, and started to besmirch the town once more with its poisonous filth.

A number of respectable residents, who had hitherto been immune from the attentions of this anonymous slanderer, have during the past few weeks been very much perturbed by the receipt of disgracefully obscene letters containing all manner of vile suggestions, and we are entitled to ask what the police are doing in the matter.

We are in possession of two of these letters, the authorship of which it should not be so very difficult to trace, for whereas most of the previous communications were printed in block capitals, these are written in a hand which contains certain marked characteristics.

They are obviously unprintable, but the number of dashes in the subjoined extracts convey some idea of the depths of noisome slime into which the writer has delved, in his efforts to find disgusting epithets and nauseating suggestions.

The first is postmarked "Littlehampton, 10 a.m., 10 July," and reads "We thought we would keep you away from our yard, you —— —— old ——. Go to hell and —— ——." There follow two lines of shamefully obscene doggerel punning on the recipient's name.

The second is postmarked "Littlehampton, 12.5 p.m., 14 July," and can only be represented as follows: "You b—— —— —— —— old ——, We know you got your letter. You are too frightened to come any further than the yard now. Keep out of it, you dirty —— ——. —— —— is watching you."

We suggest that Inspector Nichols, before he establishes himself in his new position, should return to Littlehampton and clear up the muck and muddle he left behind him.

GERMAN PROPAGANDA

Slandering French Colonial Troops

AMERICANS ought to keep an eye on their fellow-countrywoman, Miss Ray Beveridge, who is being vigorously exploited by German propagandists. Every sailor landing in Hamburg is handed a printed sheet, purporting to report a speech made by Miss Beveridge on the iniquity of France using coloured troops in the German occupied zone.

No doubt the Germans believe that they can appeal to American prejudice by reciting unproved accounts of outrages on white women by coloured troops. The French Government has investigated charges of this kind on several occasions, and found them without substance. It says that the conduct of the Moroccan troops is equal to that of any other troops, which is to say very much better than the behaviour of German troops in Belgium.

Miss Beveridge is not a nice person, according to her own account. She brusquely ordered a black soldier, seated outside his own barrack, "not to dare to remain seated in the presence of a white woman." She tells the Germans in the occupied zone that, though they are without weapons, "there is always a rope and a tree. Take up the natural weapons used by our men of the South. Lynch!"

The French Government would be entitled to ask that this woman should be repatriated, except that it would give her undue importance. The real point of the propaganda is the statement that the Germans were misled by American lies and that they would never have laid down their arms but for Wilson's fourteen points.

The Americans who support this contention on German platforms may be reminded by their countrymen that it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest.

WOES OF LANDLADIES

A Much Maligned Class

THE seaside landlady and the London lodging-house keeper have been the butt of humorists for generations.

The natural desire to take the fullest advantage of a brief "season" admittedly encourages certain short-sighted seaside landladies to cross the border-line dividing legitimate profit from extortion.

But these, in our belief, are few and far between. It is true that seaside charges to-day are high, but so are seaside rates, and the cost of living.

Much is heard of the landlady's gains, but little of her losses. Yet these sometimes are heavy. She is at all times liable to be defrauded by dishonest guests or lodgers.

And in the majority of cases the landlady is a widow.

Flashy visitors sometimes run up big bills—and decamp. Not only does the victim lose the rent, but invariably has incurred heavy liabilities with local tradesmen on behalf of the runaway.

Frequently, too, she is imposed upon by that particularly mean pest—the bogus theatrical manager, who, taking a hopeless play on tour, strands his artistes in some seaside town, with neither money for lodgings nor their fares home.

Let the seaside landlady have fair play.

THE HARVEST OF TEARS

Scottish Fisher Girls' Desperate Plight

THE silvery harvest of the sea, in which many thousands of Scottish women and girls find employment, is failing, and there is bitter weeping all along the coast.

At the outbreak of war the fishing industry was one of the first to be interrupted, and it has never recovered. In 1913, Scotland exported 672,700 barrels of cured herrings to Germany, and 619,680 barrels to Russia. In 1920 the total exports were less than a fourth of the pre-war quantity.

Last year was by far the worst ever experienced. The autumn fishing was a complete failure.

While the war lasted, work on munitions and similar activities absorbed the energies of many of the younger women and girls whose ordinary occupation was dislocated. After the Armistice only a few found odd weeks' work at their old employment. The vast majority, therefore, are sitting despairingly in their homes hoping against hope for a revival of activity.

Women and girl herring-gutters and packers are entirely unorganised, which is possibly one reason why so little is heard of their hard plight.

When unemployed they are voiceless, and can only sit, and wait, and weep.

PRIESTS AND CELIBACY

by THE REV. JOSEPH DEGEN

The Outspoken Leicester Priest

ACCORDING to an Italian newspaper, a memorandum asking for the abolition of celibacy has been submitted to the Pope on behalf of certain members of the Catholic clergy, whose names are not published. This may be no more than a piece of sensational fiction; but, for the sake of argument, I will suppose that such representations have actually been made.

On the ground that celibacy involves non-compliance with the voice of nature, it is contended by the signatories that it is bound to culminate in terrible moral disaster. But where would such an hypothesis, logically worked out, land its protagonists? It would provide a complete justification for the outrages upon the women of Belgium and France perpetrated by the Prussian soldiery during the late war.

IT would excuse licentious irregularities whenever husband and wife are compelled, through force of circumstances, to live apart for long periods. In all these cases there is a renunciation of matrimony for the time being, and an insistent natural appetite is denied its legitimate outlet. Such a theory would stamp all bachelors, spinsters, widows and widowers as monsters, or rather as victims, powerless to resist immorality, and it would encircle every devotee of Hymen with a saintly halo so far as the virtue of chastity is concerned.

AT the risk of appearing to put the shoe on the wrong foot, I would venture to ask: Granted that celibacy is perilous, can it be said that wedlock is entirely immune from moral danger? Is it not a fact that monogamists not infrequently develop into secret polygamists? Is not entire sensual abstinence on the part of the unwedded monk in his monastic cell easier than the married continence, occasional and enforced, of the sailor at sea, or the soldier on active service, or the convict in gaol? An appetite fed and sated gathers strength, but an appetite renounced and starved loses its intensity and grows weaker. This principle explains why, as Tertullian says, chastity is harder for the widow than for the virgin. It likewise explains why vicious outbreaks in the army occur chiefly among the married units. Sir Thomas More often affirmed that chastity is more hardly kept in wedlock than in single life.

CELIBATES of both sexes as a rule surrender themselves to some all-engrossing life-purpose, either for what they conceive to be their own higher spiritual good, or for the service of humanity. Their entire stock of energy is conserved, transformed, sublimated and consecrated to the relentless prosecution of some definite noble end, reducible to one or other of these two heads.

A married clergy could never win the confidence of the laity, who know how inquisitive and loquacious wives are. Only the celibate priest can be successful as a missionary, because his condition of single blessedness makes it possible for him to live among the natives as one of themselves. It is not likely that Father Damien would have gone to Molokai to devote his life to those "Gorgons and Chimaeras of our common mankind"—the lepers—had he been opposed by the hysterical lamentations and scalding tears of an affectionate wife. As a married man, it would have been his duty to put the claims of his wife and family first. He knew the risk he would run of early death, and would have felt bound to provide for those at home.

THERE is no doubt that the state of virginity—absolutely speaking—is more heroic and sacrosanct than matrimony. Relatively to individuals, continence may be better for one and nuptials better for another. Christ's words, "He that can take, let him take it," that is: Let him take this part who is equal to it (Matt. xix. 12), are not, of course, imperative but permissive, and convey no more than a counsel of perfection intended for the few. To the ordinary Christian they constitute the strongest possible proof that celibacy is compatible with virginity, at least for those minorities whom Christ had in mind on this occasion.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

TO say of a Judge whose courts reverberate with guffaws that he has no sense of humour may sound absurd. Yet I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Justice Darling has no sense of humour.

It is commonly supposed that the possession of a strong pair of lungs or the capacity to behave like a monkey suggests a sense of humour; and when a man roars with laughter at every so-called joke or is able to make others shriek with delight by an exhibition of verbal or physical clowning, he is said to have a sense of humour. This is not my idea of that sixth and most valuable sense. To me a sense of humour is a sense of proportion, a sense of one's own absurdity as well as other people's. The man who can laugh at himself and relish a joke against himself and never stands on his own tuppenny-ha'penny dignity—this is the man with a sense of humour. And Mr. Justice Darling is not such a man.

ON the contrary, he literally bubbles over with a sense of the importance of his own jokes. The Court is his plaything and he loves to make its rafters ring. The man in the dock doesn't matter in the least. He is simply there as an object for mirth. The more fun that can be extracted out of the unfortunate wretch, the more completely has Justice achieved her end.

Mr. JUSTICE DARLING

Now there is something supremely nauseating about this. When a man is being tried for a crime that he may not have committed or that may have been the effect of an uncontrollable impulse, he is in need of sympathy, not mockery. Laws are made to protect individuals as well as society, the accused no less than the accusers, and the least that a fallible human being can do (for even Judges—whisper it low!—have been known to err) is to assist, not sit on, the miserable malefactor.

SPEAKING as a member of the criminal classes — we are all blackguards more or less!—I would suggest to our Darlings that they would greatly further the cause of humanity if they substituted real humour, which implies understanding, for mock-humour, which is a form of brutality. Stephen Leacock told the truth lately when he said that a Judge ought not to pit himself against the prisoner; he should take a man of his own size!

But this I am bound to say for Mr. Justice Darling. He behaves in exactly the same way off the Bench as on it. His "funniness" is a part of himself. It would therefore be extremely difficult for him to curb it. Still, it's worth an effort, because he has many good points. He's really good-natured, has gifts of a kind that make for social popularity, can tell a story better than most professional *raconteurs*, and revels in his own fun even when his audience fails to rise above a polite snigger at the choicest items in his repertoire.

ALL this, nevertheless, is rather beside the point. He can be as comical as he likes while he is entertaining his friends—and they, especially when the dinner is well-cooked, would be unmannerly not to laugh—yet he should remember that, however loudly the Clerk of the Court shouts "Ha, ha!" and the prosecuting counsel cackles "Ho, ho!" the prisoner in the dock hasn't the heart even to whimper "He, he!"

The Immunity of the Strong

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

OBSERVATION teaches us that weakness usually fares worse than wickedness in this world. A despicable trait of human nature is the tendency to bear hardly upon that which cannot effectively resist. Modern man retains many primitive instincts, and this is one of them. A character that has power to inspire some measure of fear can as a rule command better treatment than one that only inspires contempt. A strong bad man is likely to have a better time than a weak good one.

Does anyone doubt this? Then let him interrogate the inexperienced lonely girl who is suddenly thrown upon the world to get her own living, or the sensitive boy thrust among a lot of young savages, or the man or woman of maturer years with small resources and few talents. It will generally be found that these have no illusions about their lot. Life is seldom merciful to them. Those who can safely be bullied and crushed, generally speaking, are bullied and crushed.

That there are exceptions we all know. If it were not so the human family would consist of two classes only—the tyrants and their victims; happily there are others. Chivalry and good comradeship are potent facts to be thankful for, and they afford shelter and encouragement to many who would perish without them.

But the highest kind of character is not the clinging kind; it is that which can stand alone if need be; it is self-reliant without being selfish. Sweetness and strength do not exclude each other any more than tenderness and decisiveness or sympathy and hardihood. Character can be developed like muscle; no one need remain morally flabby. But to grow hard and bitter in the process is to confess defeat. Grow strong, but keep your soul alive.

THE TRADE IN TITLES

by A. G. GARDINER

IS the Royal Commission on the sale of honours intended to expose the scandal or to bury it? I gather from one of the newspapers that it is to bury it; but as this newspaper, like most of its contemporaries, is owned by a gentleman who has himself had a title recently, the wish may be father to the thought.

The question depends on one thing—who are to form the Commission? That is the acid test of whether there is to be a white-washing inquiry or a surgical operation. Given the wrong men we shall have the one; given the right men we shall have the other.

Remember, powerful influences will be at work to prevent the truth coming out. The life of the Government is at stake. The public career of very eminent men is at stake. Every attempt will be made to gag the Commission—to make it merely a "Hush! hush!" Commission. We could trust the first half dozen men we met in the Strand for such an inquiry. We cannot trust one man in five in the House of Commons.

What are the allegations? They are:—

(1) That peerages, baronetcies and knighthoods have been given for cash.

(2) That touts have been employed (by whom?) to approach rich men with the offer of titles for cash.

(3) That men who have appeared in Court in dishonorable circumstances, one of them having been convicted of food hoarding, have received titles.

(4) That the money obtained from this traffic has gone into the Party funds in order to load the dice in the constituencies in the interests of that Party.

(5) That titles have been scattered broadcast among newspaper men as a means of doping the public with views favourable to the Government.

If these charges are true they represent the most terrific conspiracy to corrupt the public life of this country that there has been since the days of George III. If they are true, the authors of that conspiracy ought to be drummed out of public life for ever.

Will the Commission seek the truth or dodge the truth? Will they put the food-hoarder and his like in the box? Will they call for the books of the Party funds for the past six years? Will they question the Party Whips? Will they invite the evidence of those who have been offered titles for cash? Will they examine the touts who are alleged to have been employed in these squalid transactions? Will they invite the Duke of Northumberland to produce the evidence on which he based his charges.

Or will they burke the whole past and give us pious suggestions for the future?

The public does not want pious resolutions for the future. It wants this foul scandal cleaned up. It wants to know whether the charges are true, and if true it will want the men who have insulted Parliament, played false with the Crown and dishonoured the country, exposed and ostracised.

GETTING OUT

by The

Sir LAMING WORTHINGT

(*Secretary*

"LET us create customers those whose chance in and let us give them the undeveloped lands of the Em future riches they will in customers of our industries."

IT is quite true, as Mr. A. G. Gardiner pointed out in a recent issue, that we are in a bad mess. Employers and employed and taxpayer are all in the same mess.

Employers have odds of nearly two to one against them; if they venture on new enterprises which would give employment, they risk their capital; if they win and make profits, 9s. in every £1 of their profits is taken from them in Income and Super taxes; if they lose, they pay the whole loss, nobody comes forward to pay 9s. in the £ of their losses. So I am right—there is twenty to nine against them; employers, therefore, are in a mess.

The employees are struggling against the fear of unemployment or perhaps trying to hold on with the aid of unemployment pay. Constant failure to get work is enough to break the stoutest heart; gradual shrinking from decent wages, through small savings, to the dole is a trial to self-respect greater than most can bear; so there is no doubt employees are in a mess.

Taxpayers are mostly employers or employed. Those who are neither are just as badly in a mess; the case of the small fixed income taxpayer is pathetic. Many are old; many are incapable of earning. Their small income sufficed before the war; to-day it is sadly reduced by taxation, and what is left goes but half as far.

WHAT is the remedy? Not abuse of the Government, but a *sound policy* that will give security for enterprise. You cannot increase employment without enterprise, and enterprise is only possible when economic and social conditions are secure. This is the Government's policy.

A man is in a secure position when he is free from debt and has spare cash with which to extend his business. The same is true of a nation. This nation has reduced its annual expenditure by £500,000,000 since the first year of peace. We are more secure than we were. This security is reflected in the fact that the cost of living has been reduced by half; food costs less; taxes cost less, and therefore there is more money for extending the nation's business—or in other words for creating more employment. There are to-day 400,000 fewer unemployed than there were in January. Time is justifying our policy.

IT is no use for Mr. Gardiner or any one else to rail against the Government as if this or any substituted Government could *immediately* avoid the inevitable consequences of facts created by the War.

It is no use saying that the War has been over for nearly four years unless its consequences have ceased to be important. Owing to the War Great Britain alone used up foreign investments and credits of, say, £2,000,000,000, which used to bring in an income of, say, £2,000,000 a week—about the amount th unemployment is now costing the taxpay and ratepayer.

But the indirect loss was greater; t progress of the country was arrested. effort was concentrated in producing munitio and things valuable only for war, and further £6,000,000,000 of debt was creat for this purpose.

There is not only *less wealth to-day* than there was before the war, but there are actually *one million more people to share it*. This is due to the fact that normal emigration was suspended from 1914 to 1920.

If there had been no war this extra million would have been gradually absorbed into industry or would have emigrated. But they have never yet been brought into normal employment; they are an additional charge upon our industrial system That means you cannot employ them unless you can sell the goods they would make.

Sir L. WORT

Employment thus depends on a revival trade, especially of overseas trade, and o overseas customers are also impoverished the War.

Mr. Gardiner asserts that our policy h destroyed our European markets. If means that war has destroyed them, I agr with him; but war was not our policy— did nothing to provoke the war.

By its policy of European peace and export credit scheme, the Government trying to restart the international machine of commerce.

This will not alleviate unemployment. will cure it.

The consequences of the War have n passed away. The whole world is poore in the few years of war not merely th

OF THE MESS

ht Hon.

EVANS, Bart., G.B.E., M.P.

ate for War)

our own blood from amongst country is small and unstable, r opportunity which the rich, provide, so that out of their turn provide employment as

rears' income, but the savings of thirty rears were spent.

I do not mean that it will take thirty years o restore employment, but I do mean that even with continuous and cumulative progress, it will take many, many years before the loss is made up and the consequences of war have passed away.

GTON EVANS

So it is no use blaming this Government, although it and many of its successors will in turn be the cockshy of the impatient for many a long day to come.

The man in the street is continually saying, "The Government are doing nothing to fight unemployment except by giving doles." But as early as the Autumn of 1920 a Cabinet Unemployment Committee was appointed to thrash out this very question. Unemployment Insurance was extended, though the Government recognised that the so-called "dole" is an *alleviation*, not a *solution* of the trouble. The *constructive measures* undertaken by the Government are not as well known as they should be; during the last two years a quarter of a million men have been given employment on such work as roads, drainage, water supply, forestry, telephones and many other necessary, useful and productive occupations.

A sound policy vigorously and consistently pursued can hasten the day of recovery.

Mr. Gardiner's policy is based on his statement that "the economic unit is the world." This is, of course, an ideal; it is not a real unit, and to-day we are faced with realities. Now the British Empire *is* a real unit from which we can start.

As Mr. Gardiner truly says—"Our forefathers were self-sufficing; they grew their own food, they made their own clothes, kept their own sheep, cut their own firewood—they were economic units."

We—if by "we" we mean not merely the United Kingdom, but the Empire which was united in war—are still economic units, we can still be self-sufficing and self-supporting.

THE first item in our programme should therefore be to distribute throughout the Empire our man-power so that we can be self-supporting. Every man who goes out into the Empire is able, not merely to support himself, but to produce foodstuffs and raw materials which he can exchange for the goods made by another man who remains at his trade at home.

Let us therefore give as many as will take it the chance of employment and independence in our Empire overseas.

Unemployment presses most heavily upon us because our people depend too much on industrial pursuits, which again depend upon the power to sell and the capacity of our customers to buy.

Let us create customers of our own blood from amongst those whose chance in this country is small and unstable, and let us give them the wider opportunity which the rich undeveloped lands of the Empire provide, so that out of their future riches they will in their turn provide employment as customers of our industries.

IN the second place, what has been our European policy? It has been and is peace. At every European Conference Great Britain has stood for appeasement. Everywhere, not least at Genoa, we have striven to remove barriers to the renewal of international trade.

We have done our best to set Europe on her legs again.

France, Belgium and Italy owe us large sums for loans made during the war. We have not pressed for payment; the British taxpayer is paying, but we have recognised that trade and employment are more important than the receipt of interest, and so no claim has been made upon our debtors.

Mr. Gardiner's remedies are but an incomplete statement of the Genoa resolutions. The Government have done more; they have assisted trade by granting loans and facilities to those engaged in overseas trade so that employment may be stimulated. No other nation has followed so enlightened a policy.

THE truth is that the great losses of the War have caused unemployment, that new outlets in the Empire have to be found for the increased population, and that old markets have to be restored and extended.

These aims are being pursued conscientiously and consistently by the Government—and given peace at home and abroad, time will bring the policy to fruition.

MILLIONAIRES AND THEIR MONEY.

by HAROLD OWEN.

YOU and I, who are not exactly millionaires, may be pardoned if we read without any sympathetic thrill those brief records of amassed wealth which come to light when rich men's wills are proved.

Here, for instance, is a tobacco manufacturer dying and leaving an estate "sworn at over 2½ millions." Disgusting! Our resentment is slightly abated by reading "the charitable bequests amount to nearly a million," but it is not until we come to "the death and estate duties will absorb nearly a million and a quarter" that we realise, from our ferocious joy, the depth of our vindictive feelings concerning millionaires. "A million and a quarter to the State!—that will 'larn 'em' to be millionaires!"

Yet even millionaires have their public compensations. A million for charity is equal to half a century of Alexandra Days. The income of a man owning two and a half millions must have yielded, in twenty years, over half a million in income tax. Then comes a million and a quarter in one fell swoop for death duties. Say a million is left of the estate, after charities and duties have taken their "whack," and the income on that brings good grist to the mill of the State each year, whilst its accumulations must pay their toll in more death duties later on. From the point of view of the Exchequer, at any rate, millionaires can hardly be unpopular.

But would it be better if the wealth had never been allowed to accumulate? The wealth represents, of course, the profit on countless millions of ounces of tobacco and packets of cigarettes. Had the profit been eliminated then the millions would have remained with the million. But would they then have been available for charity, investment, and income tax? Almost certainly not. The millions scattered among the million would never have come together as fructifying capital, just as the million and a quarter which the Government takes in one lump sum ends its productive career then and there, capitalising no further industry, but merely melting away.

Of course, millionaires could be prevented by the elimination of profit—but that would also eliminate the enterprise and effort (which are qualities of public value) by which profits are made. Or they could be taxed out of existence—but in that case the revenue they so plenteously yield would disappear, for no man is going even to try to become a millionaire if the penalty of success is the extinction of his millions. On the whole, then, it seems better not to uproot millionaires, but to prune them thoroughly and collect the fruit.

If, for instance, taxation left all individuals only just enough to buy bread and cheese, then we should all be quite content to do no more work than would just buy us bread and cheese—and then the State would have to come down to a bread and cheese diet too.

OUR GLADSOME GAOLS

Prisons Where Money Talks.

THE vast majority of people who were disagreeably surprised by the reports of the comforts and pleasures permitted criminals like True at Broadmoor will indeed open wide their eyes on being informed that similarly pleasant conditions are enjoyed at many of our penal prisons.

Second Division prisoners, we know, get better treatment than the ordinary time-servers; but, speaking generally, very few well-to-do prisoners are made to work out faithfully the sentence which the Judge passed upon them.

Not long ago young Kiley, who was sentenced for heartless frauds to three years, early exchanged the monotony of prison regulations for a nursing home from which he escaped—although subsequently re-captured. And many others of his type have also been permitted to live in a nursing home on the ground of "ill-health."

No doubt Mr. Shortt could furnish a list of such cases if he were pressed hard enough. It would also be interesting to hear from the Home Secretary the number and names of prisoners who have been released on "ticket" before their term has expired—apart from the remission given for good conduct. We should like very much to compare his list with ours.

It may surprise Whitehall to know that a man of means can obtain almost anything he desires—not even excluding his liberty for a night. Extra food is obtained as a matter of course. In some cases well-to-do prisoners have been known to dine with the prison officials when a wonderful array of food and wine has filled the menu—at the convict's expense.

Letters and visits from relatives exceed those provided for in the regulations—many of them excused on the ground that vital business matters are involved.

Inkpin, the Communist propagandist, was allowed by the authorities to see officials of his society and thus carry on his sedition. Beecham, the wealthy business man sentenced for manslaughter, was visited by his private secretary far too frequently, and given a pleasant occupation into the bargain.

This sort of thing is going on to a scandalous extent at many of the well-known prisons throughout the country, despite stringent official rules.

It would be just as well if Mr. Shortt got busy making enquiries to find out exactly the privileges that are granted to such men as Beecham, Captain Peel, Hooley, and many other prisoners blessed with this world's goods.

Our prison system we know is bad, but if the rules and regulations are to be made elastic it were just as well to apply them generally.

OPENINGS FOR OFFICERS!

Sly Schemes of Shady Swindlers

OFFICERS who are being demobilized owing to the reduction of the Army will find many ever-open doors awaiting them, but they should be warned to be wary, for over most of these portals the motto: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter," might well be written.

After the Armistice, the demobilization of thousands of officers, each with a substantial sum as gratuity, was eagerly seized upon by a horde of unscrupulous harpies as an opportunity of taking advantage of the lack of business experience of most of those in search of employment.

During the next few weeks hundreds of officers will find themselves thrown upon the world to seek a fresh means of livelihood, and already the advertisement columns of the newspapers are thickly clustered with cunningly worded offers of attractive careers for those with money to invest.

Some of these announcements are expressly addressed to officers only, and even go so far as to state that no civilians need apply. Such a stipulation is on the face of it suspicious, and may generally be taken as an indication that the alluring scheme is nothing but a gratuity-grabbing snare.

One such proposition which was recently investigated held out a prospect of a return of between 80 and 100 per cent. per annum on capital invested! Circulars couched in high-falutin' phraseology were sent out describing a glorious, healthy open-air life and early retirement with an easily acquired fortune. On close examination, however, it was discovered that the advertiser had practically no experience of company promoting, and the concern had not even been registered at Somerset House.

It frequently happens that such an advertiser endeavours to inspire confidence in applicants by describing himself as a retired officer of some recently disbanded unit. Even if he is entitled to such a designation, which frequently he is not, that is not in itself a guarantee of integrity, for unfortunately it has to be recorded that there are retired officers who have so far forgotten every canon of honourable conduct which they learned in the Army as to lend themselves to all sorts of shady schemes for swindling their erstwhile brothers-in-arms.

Every offer of employment which involves the investment of capital should be examined with the utmost caution. We are only too pleased to place our experience at the disposal of demobilized officers, while the Legal Bureau of the Officers' Association exists expressly for the purpose of giving advice in such matters.

DIGNITY AND DEATH

An Unhappy Way Out

TWELVE months or more ago we drew attention to the pitiful plight of the widow of Police Constable Harry Hunt, of Crawford Place, London, W.

This unfortunate woman, in consequence of her husband having, after lingering for some years, died from injuries received on duty, immediately prior to the passing of the Police (Pensions) Act, 1918, was not only pronounced ineligible for a pension, but was reduced from her salaried position as Matron at Crawford Place Police Station to a sort of casual job which brought in less than sufficient to exist on.

As we briefly recorded last week, tragedy has resulted. This worthy and elderly widow, having repeatedly applied in vain to the Commissioner of Police for a pension, to which she had a moral right, sank at last into a black sea of depression.

Behind with her rent, and too proud to beg, she finally sought refuge in the "great silence."

To the last she was mindful of her friends. "Have my body cremated in the cheapest manner possible," she wrote. "Anyone wishing to see me cremated can go by 'bus."

What a commentary upon our present bureaucratic system!

Those responsible for this tragedy should bow their heads in shame and sorrow.

LAXITY AT LIVERPOOL

A Colossal Housing Scandal

TOWARDS the end of 1919 the Liverpool Corporation were pressed by the Ministry of Health to erect a larger number of houses than they then had in hand. In consequence, a deputation from Liverpool visited the Ideal Home Exhibition, and made the acquaintance of the Economic Building Corporation—a little-known firm with a paid up capital of £3,000.

With this company the Liverpool Corporation entered into a contract for the erection of 2,000 houses on the Garston and Allerton Estate—668 houses at £895 each, and 1,332 at £855. In view of the firm's lack of working capital, it was agreed that immediate payment for work done and materials delivered should be made up to 90 per cent., and payment in respect to plant up to 50 per cent.—these payments to be made until the "retention money" amounted to £10,000—a sum equivalent to the amount deposited by the firm with the Corporation as a guarantee.

The £10,000 "retention money" was soon exceeded, however, and a system of issuing "interim certificates" adopted, under which, between June, 1920, and February, 1921, the vast sum of £361,459 was advanced to the contractors by the Municipality.

The following August an action heard by Mr. Justice Branson disclosed the fact that of this sum the contractors had been overpaid £338,818. The indignation of the ratepayers of Liverpool on this disclosure can be better imagined than described.

Meantime, work on the housing scheme was at a standstill; but as soon as the Liverpool Authorities became aware of the fact that it was the intention of the Ministry of Health to institute a strict inquiry into the whole affair, a fresh contract was entered into with the Unit Construction Company to complete the work—the object of the Corporation obviously being to cover up as far as possible the negligence of which they had been guilty, by completing the scheme on better terms, whereby they might save at least a proportion of the £338,000 they had thrown away.

The inquiry was opened and extended over four days. It was obvious to all that the Inspector was convinced there had been grave maladministration of public funds; but he intimated that he must make further inquiries before he could submit his report to the Ministry of Health. This was on July 5 last.

Now the ratepayers of Liverpool are wondering whether Sir Alfred Mond will allow the guilty parties to go unpunished. Not only the people of Liverpool, but the general public throughout England, look to him to have this grave scandal thoroughly investigated.

SHIFTY SHIRT MENDERS

The Disappearing Trick

"NEW Shirts for Old" sounds a promising slogan in these hard times, when the average man is reduced to the necessity of having to "make do."

No doubt the "Newshirts Co.," late of 6, Little Russell Street, London, W.C., "banked" on this when they inserted their alluring advertisement in the papers, asking:

"Why wear old, worn shirts when you can have them made as new at trifling cost?"

Ancient script warns us against the folly of putting new patches into old garments; but this sound advice went unheeded by one of our readers, who as far back as 10th May sent the "Company" five shirts for repair, and received in reply a request for 17s. 6d., which sum he remitted.

Whether or no those five old shirts were "too far gone," we cannot say; but when they were sent to "Newshirts" they certainly went too far, for they never came back!

On making inquiries, we found that "Newshirts" no longer "hang out" at 6, Little Russell Street. They left in June, doubtless taking with them many sorely needed garments and a deal of ill-spared money.

A particularly mean type of fraud, since its victims were necessarily of the poorer sort who could ill-afford such losses.

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—"DON'T KILL YOUR WIFE. LET OUR MOPS AND BUCKETS DO YOUR DIRTY WORK."

"ILFORD RECORDER":—"Though it be a time perhaps of disillusionment . . . . a definite advance has been made towards the GAOL on which the eyes of all ex-Service men and women are fixed."

"PALL MALL GAZETTE":—"Anything which improves business and REDUCES EMPLOYMENT must in the end BENEFIT EVERYONE."

"ROSS-SHIRE JOURNAL":—"UNFORTUNATELY there have NOT been numerous cases of serious illness."

"SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO":—"In the grounds there is the WHEELBARROW he used to CUT THE FIRST SOD of the Andover Railway."

"DAILY EXPRESS":—"I shall NOT COME TO ENGLAND NEXT YEAR . . . I shall PROBABLY COME AGAIN IN 1923."

"WORLD'S PICTORIAL NEWS" (letter to the Editor):—"The law . . allows a man to ESCAPE THE CONSEQUENCES of certain offences while his female accomplice is UNPUNISHED."

"LIVERPOOL WEEKLY COURIER" (recipe):—"MOISTEN a dessert-spoonful of COLD WATER, and RUB IT TILL QUITE SMOOTH."

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

WHEN the Impertinent Interviewer entered Mr. Bernard Shaw's study the famous dramatist was standing on his head eating a mangel-wurzel.

"Excuse me butting in like this ——" began Bertie.

"No, I won't," was the reply; "I never excuse an Englishman anything—especially being an Englishman! If you want to know about my next play, all I can tell you is that I've fixed on a title, but I haven't the least idea what the play will be about. I won't know till it's finished — and perhaps not then!"

"My dear G.B.S." remarked the Interviewer, "I'm not, at the moment, interested either in your future plays or your present paradoxes; it is with your past that I am concerned."

"Of course I've got a past—it's what I'm living on. It is because the fool English public never discovers a work of genius until at least twenty years after it is written, that I am saved to-day from the painful necessity of doing honest work."

"It was not to your literary past that I was referring," Bertie told him, "but to your—er—to another kind of past. What I mean to say is, I've never heard your view of those tender letters you wrote to Mrs. Pat Campbell—the ones in which you addressed her as 'Glorious White Marble Lady,' and signed yourself 'Yours gabbiest,' and all that sort of thing.'"

"Those letters," announced G.B.S., "were written by an incorrigible Irish liar; a heartless philanderer who would ——."

"Pardon my interrupting," remarked Bertie, "but permit me to say I don't believe a word of it That yarn might go down with the Fabian Society, but it won't wash with me; I've been in love myself, don'tcherknow."

"You're talking bosh, young man," observed the dramatist severely. "If you think such letters could be intended seriously, all I can say is that you're a bigger fool than Shakespeare! Could any man in his senses—more especially a vegetarian, like myself—write to any woman seriously in terms of such gross exaggeration?"

"May I remind you," murmured the Interviewer, "that you yourself once wrote: 'Love is a gross exaggeration of the difference between one woman and all the rest'?"

"Did I write that?" inquired the other interestedly. "Well, I must say it's rather neat. However, it doesn't prove anything."

"Am I then to understand that you swear ——?"

"No, I don't. When there's any swearing to be done, I get Stella to do it, as in 'Pygmalion.'"

"I see; you got Mrs. Campbell to put the 'b——' in 'G.B.S.' and in return you gave her permission to publish your letters. If you have any letters addressed to 'Darling Joey' from 'Yours deliriously, Stella,' you can name your own price to a publisher. After all, it would only be a case of tit-for-Pat."

"That is the suggestion of a scoundrel!" exclaimed the playwright angrily. "I plead guilty to making money as a man of letters, but not as a man of love letters."

"Ah! then they *were* love letters!" murmured Bertie. "Thanks; that's all I wanted to know!"

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mrs. F. (Farnham), 1s.; "In Memory of My Darling Boy S.," 1s. 8d.; Anon., 1s.; W. U., 4s. 3d.; C. S., 2s. 6d.; "Down, But Not Out," 10s.; Mrs. D. (Glasgow), parcel; R. E. C. (Colwyn Bay), parcel; J. M. S. (Leyton), 2s.; "Marie" (Devon), 10s.; A. G. (Penygraig), 4s. 6d.; Mrs. H. V. (New York), £2; Anon., 1s.; C. T. P. (South Lambeth), 2s. 6d.; T. M. (Wadebridge), 1s.; J. P. (Hither Green), 5s.; S.-Sgt. G. P., 6d.; L. L. (Sheffield), 1s.; "In Loving Memory of a Very Dear Son," 2s.; I. S. (Netheravon), 1s.; W. O., 1s.; E. W. N. (Leyton), 2s. 6d.; "The Two H's" (Wood Green), 6d.; M. S. (York), 1s.; "Reader," parcel; E. C. (Tydeld), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. T. (Plymouth), 10s.; H. P. B. (Bures), 2s.; "Persevering Bulleteer" (Norwich), 6d.; T. M., R. V. D. (Bolton), 2s. 6d.; "Old Couple," (St., Ebbs), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Canterbury), 6d.; E. W. A., £2; "Kit and Billy" (Battersea), 5s.; "Tom" (Malton), 1s.; M. B. (Tonypandy), 6d.; Miss A. W. (Birkenhead), 2s. 6d.; "Taxi-driver 3667, 2s. 6d.

GENEROUS GIVER (Newark).—"More than half of some charitable subscriptions are swallowed up in administration expenses." That is why you must approve of our "Greatest of These" Fund, every penny of which goes to the people who need it.

NO working expenses are deducted from subscriptions to this fund, all outgoings being gladly provided by us. Help us to help those in distress.

DOES THE MAN EVER PAY?

From "Humanist's" Letter Bag

"WHEN I was seventeen I married a man ten years my senior. I adored him in the simple way a child worships the hero out of a book. The serious side of the step I was taking was quite unknown to me. When I was eighteen my son was born. I was, for about six months after, an invalid owing to complications. My husband was the kindest of men and I was living in perfect content, although about this period my husband spent very little time at home. Three years later my little girl was born, and by then my husband used his home for sleeping purposes only. There was no change in his manner; he appeared to care for me as much as ever, but we hardly ever saw each other. He was never home before midnight and always left directly after breakfast, Sundays and week-days.

One day a woman came to see me bringing proof that she had been his mistress for years: she had in fact met him before the birth of my first child. No one can imagine the horror and disgust such a discovery meant to me. I would have felt it less had he treated me badly, but he had held my love and trust entirely by his kindness. The woman complained that he no longer wanted her and she asked for compensation. We managed to settle that sordid part of the story, but more was to come; for several weeks after I was inundated with bills of all description, for it transpired that in order to live this double life he had borrowed, got credit, etc., etc., until of course he was overwhelmed. The final drop of bitterness in my cup was when the brokers came and sold the things I had cherished to pay the debts incurred by his shame.

"Just about this time war was declared and he joined the army. Believing he was doing his best, I looked forward to the new begining we should make after the war. His letters were wonderful. I thought he had sinned and paid the price, and was trying to wipe it out. What a fool I was! After three years I was again faced with the same terror. He had posed as a long-suffering husband of a perfect virago to a single woman who had given him all her love and sympathy, only to find herself cast aside when he was tired of her. Does the man never pay?

"For two years I have dragged on, working hard, going short of food, unable to allow myself one hour's relaxation or pleasure, giving my best to the children, but slowly and surely losing heart."

An Unsafe "Branch."

Unemployed, Beware!

TO the honest working man—especially if married—unemployment is one of the worst of evils.

There has appeared of late in certain newspapers an advertisement offering work to the unemployed. The address given is a box number. This advertisement is a cruel deception. It is nothing more or less than a bait to catch the unwary poor, and fleece them of what few shillings they may possess.

We know that men in almost the final stage of destitution have spent perhaps their last coppers to answer this advertisement. We extract the following from the reply:—

". . . I regret I cannot offer you any employment at present. . . . In the meantime, if you are interested in racing . . . I can offer you something very good . . . and shall be pleased to send it along to you if you will send me 5s. now and promise to send another 5s. after you draw your winnings. . . ."

This pretended employer proves a tipster; and his name—for the execration of mankind—is A. H. Branch, of 33, Chesterton Road, Plaistow, E. 13.

A rotten Branch, indeed.

What are Jobs?

"WHAT is a job?" asks a correspondent whose innocence may be excused because he comes from Johannesburg, that home of gentle culture where jobs are unknown and racing is conducted on lines which are at once pure and unsophisticated!

A JOB, dear lad, may be described as a concentrated and synchronized attack upon the starting price offices. It is a barrage laid over a wide area, and is designed to keep the enemy from securing assistance from the general reserve. "In other words," as Mr. Robey says, a job is the simultaneous backing of a horse all over the country, the handing in of the messages being so timed that the wires will not reach the offices in time to allow the s.p. merchants to get the money back to the course and so shorten the price.

Imaginary Jobs.

WHAT a certain type of tipster calls a "job" usually exists only in his fertile imagination. There is a class of jobber, who may or may not be a trainer, who works through a tipster. The tipster sends the horse out and asks for the odds to £2, £5, or even £10, the trainer taking his share. This kind of job seldom comes unstuck, and if you know your tipster, and know just the strength of his association with certain trainers, you can back his selection without fear.

The devil of it is that, on the strength of one successful and genuine job, the tipster is inclined to imagine others which are not so successful.

THE most dangerous type of jobber—I use the word "dangerous" from the bookmakers' point of view—is not one individual, but a confederation of a dozen men who bet rarely, but bet big and successfully. The crowd I am thinking about, and whom I will call "The Big Five," are men of education and members of good clubs. They very seldom go racing—I saw two of them at Ascot and they were looking very bored—or, if they do, are more often to be seen halfway down the course than in Tatt's. On the course they bet in sovereigns or they do not bet at all. But about half-a-dozen times in the year, they "put it down and pick it up."

THESE are distinctly the people to be in with, but they are shy, reticent birds, and the most I have ever discovered in advance about their plans is the approximate date when their coup is coming off. Either yesterday or to-day (25th or 26th) has been fixed for one of their "killings," and I am more than ordinarily interested in the result. And I think I shall "click"!

A £13,000 S.P. Bet.

By the way, I asked the leading spirit of the confederation, who was dining with me last Sunday week, what was the most he had ever got on at s.p. To my amazement, he told me that when Walton's Choice had won at Epsom, they had £18,000 on the horse, every penny of which went to the offices. I never dreamt that one could get so much money on a horse, but he said a great deal of it went on through their "list"—people who put the money on in return for half the winnings.

THE BIGGEST COUP OF THE SEASON!

AT WINDSOR, ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 12TH.

From information to hand Major Mount has reason to regard the above as likely to be one of the biggest coups of the year.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Readers of "John Bull" who have not yet tried Major Mount are invited to send a stamped addressed envelope for full particulars. He asks for no stipulated odds upon this occasion, but will rely upon the generosity of those who are inclined to appreciate GENUINE INFORMATION by sending presents after they have won. What he does naturally look forward to is further patronage upon his usual

NO WIN NO PAY TERMS,

which are as follows:—

FOR OCCASIONAL EARLY INFORMATION OF JOBS BY SEALED LETTERS, an initial payment (to cover clerical expenses) of 5/- only, and the promise of odds to 2/- for every winner sent for A SERIES OF TEN LETTERS. For LATE (and usually best) CLUB JOBS BY TELEGRAMS, 20/- as initial payment and the odds to 2/6 for every winner sent for A SERIES OF TEN WIRES.

YOU SHOULD JOIN NOW

and perhaps the very day your order arrives the Major may have something to send you that will start you off as A WINNER. Old clients will remember M.M.'s big achievements which include the UNBEATEN RECORD of a run for letter clients of

Eleven Winners, 3 Seconds, 1 Non-Runner,

and only 1 loser out of 15 Selections,

and all proofed to the Press before racing. **ONE HORSE ONLY—USUALLY A WINNER,** except for Saturday, when two horses are sent. The Major never sends more than one horse—usually a Winner.

DO NOT MISS THIS COUP.

Only Address:
MAJOR MOUNT, 24, QUEEN STREET, HULL.

GENTLEMEN

When you are tired of Personal Fancies, Free Tips, and other schemes, send me your address. I will send you proof that bona-fide Occasional Information will bring you sure and substantial profits. Send your stamped address to—

ARTHUR LONSDALE,
(DEPT. J.),
65, Hamilton Rd., Coventry.

TESTIMONIALS.

How many Sporting Advertisers and System Owners can say they hold Testimonials from Sportsmen, and back that statement up with a £1,000 challenge to produce the ORIGINALS for inspection? I claim to be able to do this. Write me and I will send you a small selection of them. Have you seen my Book?

THE OPEN ROAD.

A REMARKABLE BOOK ON SYSTEMS.

Written by a Retired Signalman.

This handsomely illustrated book will show you how you may avoid Turf losses. It will prove to you the advantage of Systematic Investments. How the writer in the long night hours in the Signal Box discovered a System which has won him a fortune. It will not only show you how the fortune has been made, but will show you how you may do the same. No need for delay. The book is free for stamped address. Write now to

TOM LEESON,
Hall Road Avenue, Handsworth, Staffs.

SPORTS and

IN CONJUNCTION WITH "The SPORTING LIFE"

Horses that Won't

I SAW a horse at Sandown the other day that will win a very nice race when the money is down. I suppose I am a sentimentalist, but there are some horses that I hate to see amongst the non-triers. They deserve better treatment, and you feel that if they belonged to one of the old-fashioned racing-for-the-love-of-it owners, they would go on winning races at short prices and retire to the stud with an unsullied reputation.

By the way, amongst the real non-triers—in the sense that the horse himself is a dog and simply wouldn't win his race—you can put down Dragoon.

"G.-G."

Here is Goodwood, glorious or otherwise, with the pic-nic parties on the hill and gallant punters in the cart as usual. Since they have cut down the Birdless Grove, I find it rather difficult to write about this beautiful place. The Birdless Grove always gave one a paragraph, and most of us people who write lost a good friend when the axe was laid to that sombre wood.

I HAVE often wondered why the Duke of Richmond, an enterprising man, has never constructed a railway to the course. I think it could be done without disfiguring the beautiful park. At present one has to endure the extortions practised by imported fly-drivers—the native of Chichester is much less of a brigand. From the railway station to the course is a good half-hour journey—I *have* taken 1¼ hours on bright and busy days.

A Suggested Race

THE DOG-HORSE STAKES for horses that will not have it, or are bad at the gate. To be ridden by amateur jockeys who will not be allowed to carry whips. Entrance free. A pair of silver-plated blinkers for the winner. The last horse to be shot.

What a race we should see if Control, Claro (who has gone abroad, alas!) Polemarch, Moyode and a few other money-suckers were entered!

A SCOTTISH reader writes: "There is a familiar touch about 'Rowley Mile's' notes, and if I couldn't guess the name of the writer in twice, I'm a Dutchman! At Ayr I had only two bets, which were your two runners, Lucentio and Finnarts Bay. I had £4 on Lucentio and got 5 to 1. I had the lot on Finnarts Bay, and finished up the day with £95 profit. Where shall I send the whiskey?"

REALLY, the first week's effort wasn't a bad one. I didn't do as well as my clever predecessor, who gave Roi de Ciel at 10 to 1, but Monarch was unlucky to lose, and I napped him "each way." Town Guard 100 to 30 (a surprising price) and Pinemartin 3rd at 100 to 7, together with Lucentio at 4 to 1 and Finnarts Bay (8 to 1), made a happy week-end. And we started the past week well with The Downs (10 to 1).

I SHOULD always back Town Guard to beat Cos or any other horse, in spite of the advantage he had at the start. Pharos is not quite as good as I thought he was, but I think Town Guard will always beat his conqueror, and the farther he goes the better he likes it. We haven't seen Mr. Taylor's best: even that will not beat Town Guard.

Betting in Fiction.

MAY I in all good humour pull the leg of a brother writer, who is described as "a great turf authority" and who is writing a series of short stories in a magazine? He says that a certain horse (in the story) was favourite in the Lincolnshire Handicap at 5 to 4 (!), the second favourite was 5 to 2 (!!) and the third favourite was 8 to 1 (!!!). I gather that the rest of the field was 100 to 1. Even the real bookmakers do not pinch prices to that extent. Talk about betting "over round"! Fiction can sometimes be stranger than truth.

Tipsters.

I am constantly receiving—almost by every post—the circulars of advertising tipsters. One to hand quotes JOHN BULL as testifying the truth of certain claims he makes. I can only say that JOHN BULL testifies to nothing except that we have every reason to believe that the tipsters who advertise with us are genuine. From this week on all turf advisers who advertise with us will send me proof wires. Nobody has any right whatever to quote JOHN BULL in support of claims which they make in their circulars.

OTHER people may be more favoured than I, but I seldom hear of more than one good thing a week. About once a month there is an extra good thing. If the little punter would only give up his horrible practice of having two or three bets a day, how prosperous he could be made by the right kind of advice! If he would be content with one a week and an extra splash on one once a month, he could earn his winter keep twice over.

A Central Bureau.

I AM trying to think out a plan by which this extra information can be got to him without expense. But what is the use if all that you make for him one day is chucked away on his own fancies every other day of the week? Some day my dream of a great central information bureau for the benefit of the little punter may come true. Perhaps a philanthropic millionaire will found it!

THE WEEK'S

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

GOODWOOD (WEDNESDAY). — SUSSEX STAKES: **Poisoned Arrow** (Sun Charmer, Bucks Hussar). SELLING SWEEPSTAKES: **Sun Cure** (Egyptian Eagle, Son o' Love). GOODWOOD PLATE: **Air Balloon*** (West Kent, Juniso). FINDON STAKES: **Shrove** (Miss Marget, Kinnaird). KING GEORGE STAKES: **Sicyon,** (Leighton Tor Golden Corn). SINGLETON H'CAP: **Morning Light** (Pretty Dick, Zoomp). LAVANT STAKES: **Scyphius** (Clarendon, Clare Queen).

GOODWOOD (THURSDAY).—RORS MEMORIAL: **Legality*** (Papyrus, Sky Flier). HARNAKER PLATE: **Miss Marget** (Trajanus). GOODWOOD CUP: **Flamboyant** (Winter King, Nippon). SELLING PLATE: **Eaton Maid** (Longstop, Pinsk). DRAYTON H'CAP: **Gallio*** (Will Somers, Jacquot). PRINCE OF WALES STAKES: **Meabite** (Ishtar, Boda c).

GOODWOOD (FRIDAY). — NASSAU

We pay Death Claims, we pay Accident Claims and also

SPORTSMEN

By ROWLEY MILE

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Somebody wants a list of horses to follow. What I prefer to do is to give you ten horses which should be backed with a level stake—they are horses that will win in the near future. As soon as my ten shows a profit of five points, I will reconstruct the list and give you another ten.

Glastonbury	King of Clubs
Impertinent	George Drake
White Man	Golly Eyes
Paulinus	Joss House
Contractor	Erehwemos
Gallio	Air Balloon.

There are some of all sorts, platers, sprinters, stayers and milers. I am willing to bet anybody a fiver that these show a profit. Especially George Drake.

Why You Didn't Get Double Court.

WHEN I was getting out my free tip for my readers, I had information about two horses, Sargon and Double Court, but I was told that Double Court had not done a great deal of work, whilst Sargon, on the other hand, had been well galloped with Tete-a-Tete. To make absolutely sure, I wired Mr. Stanley Wootton, paying for the reply, asking him if his horse was running on Tuesday. As he did not reply, I guessed (and guessed wrong) that it was not. If Mr. Stanley Wootton ever wired to me for information, or any old thing, I should have had the courtesy to reply. I hope he had a good race.

THIS week I am sending out a tip for a race on Friday. It will be for the Chesterfield Handicap, which I have not included amongst my usual tips for a reason. I have so many horses for this race that I may be very likely to tip one in the paper and go for another on the day of the race. If my punters are to lose, I'd like them at any rate to have only one loser. Gallio is absolutely chucked into the race if he can stay. He won a mile and a half race at Kempton, but against bad horses, and in record bad time: 2.55 4-5!

SEND a stamped addressed envelope for the Chesterfield tryer, and don't worry if I haven't given you a winner yet. And you systematic followers of my free tips, don't trouble about increasing your stakes.

I'll never send you one that will be at a short price. I'd be more ashamed of sending you an odds on winner than I should be of twenty consecutive losers.

THE readers of JOHN BULL are going to have a good time before the season ends. "What do you expect to do on JOHN BULL?" a friend of mine asked, and I replied, "Put half-a-million pounds in the pockets of my readers before the November Handicap is run," and I'm going to do it!

Cheerful Losers.

What great people racing folk are! I sent a loser to one-half my free wire clients on Tuesday, and Orby's Pride to those who came on later. And yet my letter-box is filled with cheery messages from the boys who lost. It is only very rarely you get a rude letter after sending a loser, and then if you trace it you will find it is from a growing lad who ought not to be betting at all.

SELECTIONS.

STAKES: **Pogrom** (Galaciella, Selene). CHICHESTER PLATE: **Grecian Beauty** (John Green, Thelma). OPTIONAL SELLING: **Voleuse** (Rosemead, Owers Light). GORDON STAKES: **Fred Power** or **Capt. Cuttle** (Skyon, Backwood). MOLECOMB STAKES: **Town Guard** (Legality, Colossus).

CATTERICK BRIDGE (FRIDAY).—COLBURN MAIDEN: **Ickwell Green.** CATTERICK H'CAP: **Too Eager.** BRAMPTON WELTER: **Forerunner.** **(SATURDAY).** HORNBY PLATE: **Dancer.** SWALDALE PLATE: **Scorpio.**

ALEXANDRA PARK (SATURDAY).—JUVENILE SELLING: **Breslane*** (Scala, Dream Lady). ALEXANDRIA H'CAP: **Castalian** * (Sargon, Blarney Stone). MAIDEN PLATE: **Avlona** (Compiler). 3 Y.O. H'CAP: **White Satin** (Son o'Love, Page Three) MID-WEIGHT SELLING: **Landorf** (Chapparel, Dutchman). MUNICIPAL H'CAP: **Royal Highness** (Senhora, Blue Cloud). MODERATE STAKES: **Adorna** (Woodford Green, Prince Herod).

ROWLEY MILE STONES

The gambler trainer is a curse to the Turf.

• • •

Galante c. is better than Duncan Gray and should have won at Epsom. Remember this fellow. I suggest the following name for him—David Prince.

• • •

It is curious that nobody has thought of naming a Tetrarch colt, "Tetrapod." Tetrapod means four-legged animal! Some of the horses we've seen out lately are worthy of no better description.

• • •

In answer to a number of reckless punters I'd give as my 1,000 to 1 double for the back end handicap, West Kent and Collaborator.

• • •

Ickwell Green will win a nursery.

• • •

Alfred Day has a lot of poor horses. This year he is amongst the best of the trainers, but you can't win with bad horses.

• • •

Silver Crest has about 5 lbs. the best of the weights with Air Balloon in the Goodwood Cup.

• • •

Next year you will see Pictura winning a nice handicap.

• • •

If I am not mistaken, George Drake is a winner very soon.

• • •

The British Bloodstock Agency seems a queer title for a firm that is sending good sires out of England.

• • •

Never try to anticipate Cunliffe Owen in the market.

• • •

The back-end double is the nearest approach we have to a Continental lottery.

• • •

A little bird has whispered encouraging words about Golly Eyes. The Stewards' Cup will be all over by this time, but watch how the old horse runs.

• • •

A racecourse is one of the few places where you never see a drunken man.

• • •

Leighton will be prepared for a race at Doncaster. After that the Cambridgeshire. He will have to have 8.0 or under before I back him.

• • •

Never let Pinemartin run loose. His best distance is six or seven furlongs.

Free Selection for Chesterfield Cup

Name .....

Address .....

Send this Coupon with your letter.

Sportingalities

by EDGAR WALLACE

THERE are certain words in our everyday vocabulary which have lost their significance. They become drab and meaningless aggregations of letters until some very simple person, in the very honesty of his application, re-vitalizes the word and endows it with some of its old and precious spirit.

It was a taxi-man who reduced Samuel Scott to a word, when he pointed him out to me in Pall Mall a few weeks back.

"That is Sir Samuel Scott; a gentleman."

And the taxi-man spoke no more than the truth of the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club and Member of Parliament.

The Scott baronetcy was created a century ago, by the way. One feels that in these days of lightning honours, when one is sweeping a crossing one moment and addressing the House of Lords the next, that one ought to mention the antiquity of one's titled friends.

Sir Samuel is a man whose honesty of purpose and sincerity of conviction would have won for him Cabinet rank, if those qualities had anything to do with such promotion. Unfortunately, they have not, and since he is the least ambitious of men, he has slipped out of Parliamentary life and has grown closer to the sport he loves. He himself races in a modest way, and yet the horses he has acquired or bred have made Turf history. Sunder was his, unless I am mistaken, and Sunder has proved a great and a profitable sire.

He has not had a very good horse to carry his colours for many years. As a Jockey Club Steward he has been a very great success. His courtesy, his sheer common sense, his unfailing good humour, have made him popular with every class that has been brought into touch with him.

He is—well, what the cabman said.

FREE BANCROFT'S FREE NAP.

ANOTHER BIG WINNER next week This horse has undergone a searching preparation with a view to landing long odds on a tight rein. Home performances have revealed such exceptional form that all intimately connected are prepared to back their charge with pounds, shillings and pence. Just to prove to you that that my NAPS are second to none, I will send to you the name of this flier, ABSOLUTELY GRATIS, on receipt of a three-halfpenny stamp (NOT ENVELOPE), provided, of course, you have not previously applied for one of my free selections. A copy of "THROUGH POWERFUL BINOCULARS" will also be sent. Address:—

JOHN BANCROFT (Suite 30), 17, Bath Terrace NEWMARKET.

THE ACID TEST.
£1,000 CHALLENGE.

OPEN COMPETITION WON BY F. W. E. RESULT.—EVERY WINNER, NAMING 7 CONSECUTIVE WINNERS, INCLUSIVE OF 3 CONSECUTIVE DOUBLES IN ONE WEEK

SYSTEM £5 PER COPY.
FOR HOME SPORTSMEN ONLY.
SYSTEM SIMPLE AS A.B.C.
NAMING HORSE TO INVEST ON
MEN OF THE WORLD WHO CAN DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN A CATCH FOR THE UNSOPHISTICATED AND THE GENUINE GOODS WRITE FOR
THE ANALYSIS OF EVERY SYSTEM ADVERTISED FOR THE LAST 30 YEARS INCLUDING FREE COPY OF NUMERICAL SYSTEM, INDICATING 350 WINNERS IN 395 RACES, TO:—
F. W. EDGE, 88, Gerard Street, Derby.

IRONORE won 10/1

sent out to every reader who answered my advertisement in this paper last week for a free trial of the Effective System. From June 27th to July 7th ten horses were indicated (as offered free in this paper) and all won, including Buenasuerte won 6—1 and Revival won 20—1.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!!!

So that you may test the method before parting with any money, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, I will send you the full explanation, together with every selection indicated next week (about ten horses). There is no obligation to purchase. Absolute proof is given that this system will enable you to earn a consistent weekly income unaided.

VICTOR HOWARD (Dept A.)
TWICKENHAM.

ALLEN'S
DAILY SYSTEM WIRES

and celebrated method of investment have stood the test of many years, and are still going as strong as ever.

Up to the time of going to press I have sent my clients no less than

NINETY WINNERS

Therefore every sportsman must realise that I am the man to direct his turf speculations, so don't continue in the old rut by backing losers, for

I guarantee you a Regular Income

without fail each season, providing you follow my selections in conjunction with my method of investment. You can start with

A CAPITAL OF £3,

or higher if you wish, and so convinced am I that I can carry out my claims that should I fail in my guarantee I WILL RETURN ALL FEES IN FULL without any deduction. This alone should be convincing proof that my claim is no idle boast. Send immediately for my great free booklet, containing full list of PAST RESULTS, testimonials from delighted clients and a full explanation how to make racing pay. This booklet is a revelation to backers and as

It costs you nothing

it will be to your advantage to sit down now and write your name and address and the words "John Bull" on a postcard (postage 1d.) and the book will be sent you by return in a plain sealed envelope, without any obligation to you.

C. ALLEN,
70, Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.1.

No business done with persons under 21.

Insure Your Home against Fire and Storm—REGISTER TO-DAY.

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

IN all parts of the country resolutions are being passed protesting against the iniquity of Article 11, of the Royal Warrant, which prevents a widow obtaining a pension unless her husband dies within seven years from receipt of injury or discharge, whichever is the earlier. The only official reason vouchsafed for the regulation is that a time limit is not peculiar to Royal Warrants. Such an excuse is scarcely worthy of any Government Department.

BUT the Ministry has apparently forgotten that, concurrent with the Great War, medicine and surgery advanced at a rapid rate, and so great has been the progress in these two directions that it is now possible to prolong life in many cases that would hitherto have been regarded as hopeless.

MANY men while serving their King and Country suffered so severely that since they left the forces they have been permanent invalids. Many have undergone operation after operation until they have become utterly enfeebled. The present provision of the Royal Warrant terribly increases the distress of the dying moments of these poor sufferers. To add such mental strain and anxiety to their bodily sufferings is distinctly un-British.

THE sparks of humanity burn in the breasts of all of us, and the Regulation—inhuman and soulless—should be scrapped at once. The men have died for the love of their country, and it is the duty of all of us to see that the country does not show base ingratitude by neglecting those who mourn them. Humanity demands the amendment of the Regulation. The ex-Service community will not remain indifferent to the responsibilities that are laid on all of us as the aftermath of war.

Eight Years Ago:—In July, of 1914, we saw a tiny cloud, herald of the storm of war which burst over the whole world. Before this little cloud appeared we were protected by a few "common" soldiers and sailors and a handful of amateur "Saturday afternoon" soldiers. When the cloud burst, these were acclaimed as our gallant defenders, their ranks were swelled by millions of public spirited men who came forward ready to risk all in the defence of our native land.

"Mr. Atkins":—No longer the "common" sailor or soldier or "Saturday afternoon" soldiers, but *heroes* upon whose shoulders our very existence rested! The enemy pressed and our "Contemptible Little Army" was forced back by sheer weight of numbers. For nearly five years our men suffered the greatest hardships at sea, on land and in the air, in order that our homes should not be devastated by enemy invasion.

Not Want of Heart:—These are facts which are too well known. Just as we fail to realise that the clock on the mantelpiece is ticking, so do we fail to comprehend what these men have suffered for us, and what is even more important—are still suffering. The Remembrance League appeals for members—men and women—who will subscribe a little each year to Earl Haig's Appeal, so that these ex-Service men may be helped and not forgotten.

All's Not Well:—"The War is won, England is saved," is what so many complacently believe. The war is not finished; England is not saved so long as these thousands of men who defended us require to be saved from destitution. Send a postal order or cheque to Earl Haig's Appeal (The Appeal Department for British Legion Benevolent Work), 1, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1, and ask to be enrolled a member of the Remembrance League.

Treatment of "T.B.":—The Legion is urging the Government to develop the tubercular centres at Papworth and Preston Hall. There the men receive sanatorium treatment and, generally speaking, a stay in a training colony for a longer or shorter period, after which they graduate to a permanent village settlement. This means that after the first course of treatment, when the man is fit to work, he is sent to the training colony centre and offered employment corresponding as nearly as possible with his ordinary occupation.

A Reasonable Request:—By the methods practised at these centres an ex-Service man is assured of good housing and of industrial occupation while he remains in the settlement; he has the advantage and comfort of family life; and there is general medical supervision; but the man has a free life and is not subject to severe restrictions. Not even the most rabid economist would begrudge the expenditure involved.

Vocational Training:—At certain institutions provision is now being made for treatment combined with vocational training. Applications will be considered from those suffering from tuberculosis attributable to or still aggravated by service, provided the case has been certified by the Tuberculosis Officer, or other authorised officer, as unable to follow his pre-war occupation or, without a course of training, any other suitable occupation. No man will be admitted to training whose course cannot be completed by 30th June, 1924; but these arrangements do not apply to officers and nurses.

Grants for Wife and Children:—Where an officer was married before demobilisation, it is possible to obtain an allowance for a wife and children from the Special Grants Committee, in cases of financial need. The amount for a wife is not exceeding £50 during the currency of the officer's disability award—for children, up to £36 a year for each one, provided they were born within nine months after the father's demobilisation.

A Helpful Increase:—A Suffolk man lost two fingers of the right hand, and in following his employment he was further handicapped as the third finger was stiff and useless. His earning capacity had naturally greatly diminished, and when the Ministry thought 20 per cent. was ample, he protested. We conducted his appeal, and had the assessment raised to 30 per cent.—to the great benefit to the maimed man.

Tardy Recognition of Service:—From early in the war until after the cessation of hostilities, twenty-five men were employed on tugs owned by a railway company, but controlled by the Government. Daily they traversed a dangerous mine-strewn area in the North Sea, and though their service was as valuable to the nation as that of many sailors, they received no reward or recognition. They were naturally aggrieved at this and they sent a statement of their case to the Legion. We supported them in their views, and after somewhat prolonged negotiations, we got the responsible Department to recognise that these men had a very sound claim to a decoration. They are very proud of their medals.

A Case from Manitoba:—An Englishman who was living in Canada prior to 1914 came over here to enlist, and after demobilisation went back to his family circle. He has since died from tuberculosis and, though the Great War Veterans of Canada took his case up, the Ministry would not acknowledge that his illness was attributable to his service. We successfully fought the case before the Tribunal—so that the unhappy widow, instead of being penniless, is receiving for herself and children 43s. 6d. a week.

Convincing the Guardians:—Many branches of the Legion are doing extremely efficient work. At Hull and in other places they take their share in local administration. One of the subjects that has worried workless ex-Service men and dependants is that their pensions are taken into account when getting out-relief from the Guardians. Owing to the action of the Legion, the Guardians are now ignoring, partially or totally, these pensions for disability and loss of husband, father or son.

Prompt Action—Quick Results:—Nearly at his wits' end, a man tramped from near Manchester to London in the hope that he would get his arrears of pension. He went to Acton, but had no luck—then he came to us. He was given food and shelter, and in the interval we got in touch with the authorities. Our action was prompt and effective—so much so that next morning, when he visited Acton again, he found nearly £35 waiting for him.

A Friend in Need:—When he appealed, a London man was told by the Tribunal that they agreed that the bronchitis upon which he was claiming was not due to service, but they advised him to submit a fresh claim for emphysema. He tried to do so, but again the Ministry stepped in and blocked the way. They considered the emphysema to be part of the bronchitis, and as he already had a decision on the bronchitis he could not claim. We took the matter up and were allowed to make another claim. Had the man not had such a friend as the Legion, he would not to-day be so hopeful.

Our Daily "Thank You":—A Seven Kings woman says:—"I would have written you earlier but I've been very ill. Please accept my grateful thanks for your kind help. I was so very thankful to know that through you my husband had been successful in his appeal, though the Ministry denied that his condition had been aggravated by war service. You can guess the difference it has made in our lives; we can now plod along just comfortably. I don't know what we would have done without the British Legion."

WONDERFUL WATCH BARGAIN

To "JOHN BULL" Readers—Satisfaction or Money Returned.

2,000 ONLY—cannot possibly be repeated.

GOLD CASED Demi-Hunting WATCHES

EXACTLY AS ILLUSTRATED

These Handsome High Grade Hunting Watches are exact in every detail to those sold in the shops at four times the price. Highly polished Gold Cased with Double Dial. Warranted 5 years. Best Lever Movement Action. Accurate time-keepers, and a Wonderful Bargain. Now is your opportunity. Do not miss this great OFFER. You may send your order under the JOHN BULL GUARANTEE—Satisfaction or Money Back. Post your order to-day and enclose 20s. to secure this great Bargain.

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Send Post Card for Free 48-pt. Cat. logue of Ladies' & Gents' Watches

Actual Size

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THE GREAT BARGAIN OFFER OF SARTOR RAINCOATS

20/- CARR. PAID.

46 DAYS MORE

A fortnight ago we gave an undertaking to the Public not to raise the price of the famous SARTOR RAINCOAT during the Holiday Season, in spite of the enormous increase in the cost of Textiles. An immense stream of orders has been the result—You have still 46 days more in which to avail yourself of the offer, but don't delay; send your enquiry in AT ONCE.

SEND NO MONEY.—a postcard is sufficient. You buy DIRECT from our workrooms, so that there are NO MIDDLE PROFITS. We guarantee every Coat. If you are not satisfied we return your money IN FULL.

SARTOR RAINCOATS are tailored from superb quality Gabardine, fully proofed and effective lining. Light in weight and perfect in style and finish. Secure your Sartor now. Send a P.C. for SARTOR FREE PATTERNS & Style Book (Ladies', Gents', Maids' and Youths') with an accurate self-measurement form.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Dept. J), 53, OXFORD RD., MANCHESTER

BOW LEGS. ARE YOU BOW-LEGGED?

Without.

With.

If so, there is no need to worry about it, for if you wear the B.L. Appliance (which acts in every way like an ordinary garter), no one except yourself will know you are bow-legged. From the moment you commence to wear this appliance you cease to suffer any embarrassment, as your trousers always hang straight.

Bow-legs are a detriment to business, spoil your pleasure, and are a nuisance always.

This ingenious appliance ... you a *proper* straight-legged, for your trousers will hang perfect. Easy to put on, easy to take off. Hundreds of testimonials.

Write for Illustrated Booklet 2 (13), FREE and sent under cover, to

THE B.L. APPLIANCE CO.,
Saffron House, Charterhouse St., London, E.C.1

£3:15:0

Astounding Cash Bargain! This amount buys outright a perfect new Government-tested Bicycle.
ENFIELD, B.S.A., JAMES, HUMBER.
We guarantee that each and every part has been manufactured from specially-tested material by the above makers and is brand new throughout. Balance of all 10/- monthly. Carriage paid on these monthly. Cash prices also quoted. Post to-day.

Money returned if not satisfied.

Hearn CYCLE CO. LTD. (Dept. V), 284, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.1.

A Household Boon "ERADICUS"

instantly removes all stains and dirt from delicate fabrics or heavy carpet—everything in fact, including Clothing, Upholstery, Gloves, Boots, Raincoats, Leather Goods, Paint and Enamel, etc. It is indeed

THE UNIVERSAL CLEANSER

ERADICATES STAINS from EVERYTHING.

Simply rub the garment or article with "Eradicus" on a sponge or rag, either plain or diluted, according to full instructions on the tin. Removes oil, grease, ink, fruit, iron stains, etc. Hundreds of repeat orders and testimonials. Send 1/2 for tin, post free. Money returned if not satisfied. Post free 1/2

ERADICUS LTD (Dept. 2), 4, Lime Street, London, E.C. 3.
Liberal Trade Terms.

Take up PLATE Photography as a HOBBY and WIN a BIG CASH PRIZE

in the £3,000 All-British Photographic Competition

Plate Photography—*real* Photography—is not only a fascinating hobby but also an art out of which much good money can be made. Besides giving infinite pleasure to oneself and one's friends, a knowledge of photography opens up many avenues of extra income.

Photographic work for the Press, for instance, offers excellent prospects of good remuneration—hundreds of photos are bought daily by Newspapers and Magazines at generous prices. Then, again, to those in search of a congenial occupation, photography offers the definite prospect of a well-paid and independent career as a professional Portrait photographer. And think of the frequent competitions with big Cash Prizes. In this competition, for instance, £3,000 in Cash Prizes is offered for amateur photographs—there are hundreds of PRIZES for beginners.

But start right—go in for *real* photography, PLATE photography, the most practical and satisfactory form of Photographic work, the form adopted by Pressmen, Professionals and all serious amateur photographers, in fact the only kind of photographic work for those who want to take up the hobby properly and thoroughly.

THIS FREE BOOK TELLS YOU HOW TO WIN

This free booklet is the first step on the road to success in *real* photography. It tells you the best way to start and the best materials to buy in order to win one of the big Cash Prizes offered in this £3,000 Competition. It tells you how to take pictures and how to develop and print from your own plates. Do not buy any materials at all until you have read this book and seen the Cameras, Plates and Papers recommended. Send for the booklet now. It is Free.

Hundreds of Cash Prizes for BEGINNERS

6 Prizes of £100 — 6 Prizes of £25
6 Prizes of £10 — 6 Prizes of £5
and 300 Prizes of £1.
Also Prizes of £30, £15, £10, and £5 each and 100 Prizes of 10/- for Juniors.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

With ½d. Stamp for postage to Secretary, £3,000 All British Photographic Competition, 4, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

COUPON JOHN BULL

To Secretary, £3,000 All British Photographic Competition, 4, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

I am thinking of taking up Plate Photography and entering the £3,000 Competition. Please send me free Booklet. Herewith ½d. stamp for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Write in Block Letters.

£3000 ALL BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

COMPANY MEETING.

VICKERS LIMITED.

Presiding at the annual meeting held in Sheffield, on Wednesday last, Mr. Douglas Vickers, M.P., said that the settlement of the War accounts was not yet terminated. With one department of the Government alone over 600 contracts had to be analysed and reviewed and in addition there had been long negotiations with the Inland Revenue. The net profit for the year was £708,102. The year 1921 had been one of troubles, disappointments, and diminishing trade for practically all the engineering concerns in the country, the only exceptions being the textile machine trade and electrical trades. With seven months of 1922 gone, there was no change for the better. The electrical trade still showed best; there were very few inquiries for ships or steel products or railway material, carriages and wagons. Motor-cars, on the other hand, were selling quite well. They were still waiting for armament orders, though their reduced staffs were very busy with new designs which they had been asked to get out and which they must undertake if they were to retain that trade in the future. They were getting their share of such aeroplane orders as were being placed and their types of machines were very successful, but orders came for such small quantities that the cost of designing and experiments bore much too high a proportion to the works' cost of a machine. That contrasted very unfavourably with the French manufacturer who got orders for large series of machines. There was plenty of money available for public loans and little for permanent investment in new construction or inductrial enterprise. Whether bad trade continued or good trade came soon few companies were in as good a position as theirs to stand the strain of the former, or so well equipped, both financially and materially, to meet the demands of the latter.

The report was adopted

WORN OUT BY WORRY.

The Threat of Neurasthenia.

Nothing imposes a greater strain on the system than worry, and under its influence most people soon become nervous wrecks. They grow depressed, irritable, sleepless, and worry over trifles. They do not want to worry, but their nervous system has become so disorganised that they cannot help worrying.

The trouble is due to nerve starvation, and unless prompt steps are taken there is danger of neurasthenia. Now it is impossible to reach the nerves directly with medicine. It is only through the blood that the nerves can be fed.

To remedy nerve trouble the blood must be built up, and the one medicine which goes direct to the blood, enriching and purifying it, is Dr. Williams' pink pills. The new rich blood made by these pills supplies the needed elements to the starved nerves. In that way these pills have banished nervous trouble in thousands of cases. A short course of Dr. Williams' pink pills will soon give increased energy, keen appetite, strong nerves, and robust health. So begin Dr. Williams' pink pills. to-day. Of all chemists, 3s. od. box. "The Nerves and Their Needs" is a book sent free to all who write to N.N. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London,

NEW NOVELS
obtainable from all LIBRARIES.

Marjorie Bowen's . . . THE JEST
"Makes thrilling reading."

Morice Gerard's . TESSA TRELEVEN
"A beautiful Cornish love story."

Reginald Glossop's THE CRYSTAL GLOBE
"A capital yarn o' mystery and thrilling adventure."

Paul Trent's . . . BROTHERHOOD
"A gripping story of conflicting personalities and aims."

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED., LONG ACRE, LONDON.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Two Tips.

The 7 per cent. Debenture stock recently issued by the Tata Iron and Steel Company was not well taken by the public, and in consequence is at a discount on the market. At the time of writing, it can be got at about 97, and is decidedly attractive at the price. The company is a remarkably prosperous one, operating in India. A cheap share is Lipton's 9 per cent. cumulative Preference, obtainable at about 25s. 6d., and showing at that figure a return of £7 1s. 3d. per cent. Such yields are steadily growing fewer.

Grand Trunk Pacific.

If any of my readers hold Grand Trunk Pacific 4 per cent. Debentures, I recommend them to communicate with Sir F. Harrison Smith, at 78, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W., stating the amount of their holdings. Sir Francis is taking energetic measures with regard to the Canadian Government's treatment of owners of this stock, of which there is £7,000,000 in issue, mainly subscribed in Great Britain.

Jam Losses.

After Preserve Manufacturers and Pink & Plaistowe (Proprietary) comes Crosse & Blackwell. All these jam-making companies show losses. They were all post-Armistice flotations, and their prospectus estimates were based on the big profits and inflated stock values then prevalent—frenzied finance. In the case of Crosse & Blackwell the loss for 1921 is over a million sterling. Preserve Manufacturers has already undergone a drastic reconstruction. The others may have to follow suit. But all three are sound at the core and will ultimately come round.

An Index Trade.

Vickers, Ltd., pays 5 per cent. on its Ordinary shares this year as against nothing last, and the Chairman says that, "whether bad trade continues or good trade comes soon, there can be very few companies in as good a position as ours to stand the strain of the former and so well equipped, both financially and materially, to meet the demands of the latter." As indicating the general trend of Empire prosperity Vickers, Ltd., is one of the index companies.

Composite Currency.

You can get from the Exchange Trading Co., 25, Victoria St., S.W. 1, for a modest sovereign: 20,000 Austrian Kronen, 1,000 Polish marks, 200 German marks, and 500,000 Soviet roubles. This lot would have constituted before the war a modest competence. Now the value is practically nil. The other day I recorded the fact that Mr. Rasmus Jensen was offering Russian roubles at £2 per million. I gather that the same number may be obtained elsewhere at two shillings. And I wouldn't give fourpence.

Tobacco and Revenue.

Shareholders in the Imperial Tobacco Company may well feel gratified at finding the interim dividend on the Ordinary shares raised this year from 5 per cent. to 7½ per cent., free of income-tax, and at seeing the price of the shares spring up to 65s. 3d., as against 53s. earlier in the year. The company is a tremendous agency in the collection of revenue for the Government. I wonder when the smoker will be allowed a little rebate on the present extortionate charges for tobacco. It seems quite feasible.

"Doing Time."

Pinkham is now "doing time." He originated the United Finance Association, which endeavoured to borrow money in small sums from the public in order to lend it out again at usurious interest. When Pinkham became entangled in the meshes of the law, Sir Valentine Grace, Bart., D.L., J.P., his Chairman, went off with other associates and started the General Finance Corporation, Ltd., on similar lines. I have had many inquiries as to whether the circulars of this latter concern are worthy of attention. The fate of Pinkham should supply a conclusive answer.

The Mandeville Manner.

If the Financial Mart and Exchange is really going to realise securities and pay its clients I wish it would be quick about it. The inquiries I get from its clients who are asked to give it "latitude" for this purpose are becoming a nuisance. The Mart and Exchange has been selling options, and latterly things have not come its way. Its clients have been winning, and the M. & E. cannot pay. The *Financial Mail* is the chief boomster of the Mart and Exchange, and both are, of course, Mandeville—a name not unknown in connection with the defunct London and Paris Exchange. It is a pity the public memory is so short.

Over 1,000 Claims Paid.

We were speaking in these columns last week of those unfortunates who were unable to withdraw their money from certain small insurance companies. To turn to a more pleasing insurance topic, we are going to say that already over a thousand claims have been paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance scheme. Have you registered yet?

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

5.—The War Price Habit

IT is high time we got rid of the war price Habit.

When wholesale prices tumbled down last year we had cause to complain that shop prices remained unduly high and out of all proportion to wholesale costs.

The fact is that in too many cases sellers found it difficult to shake off the idea that war prices were to last forever. They told us when prices were at their highest that we had better buy at once because costs were to be higher still, and there were many who could not bring themselves to believe that prices would fall again.

It was not until the early months of this year that shop prices began to have a true relation to wholesale prices.

And, unfortunately, even when this point was reached we soon got evidence that the slightest rise in wholesale prices was to be made the excuse for putting up retail prices seriously.

Thus, at the beginning of March the London Bakers' Ring (officially known as the "Master Bakers' and Confectioners' Protection Society") issued an order that the London bakers were to put up the loaf to tenpence. It is true that there was a rise in flour, but observers declared—and, as the event showed, with truth—that it was a temporary one. Not only so, but bakers who were free of the Ring continued to produce a ninepenny loaf, and several big firms offered bread at eightpence.

The tenpenny loaf continued until the end of June, when the Ring price was reduced to 9½d., but all the time a ninepenny loaf was being produced by firms outside the Ring

The labourer is worthy of his hire, and the master baker and his men are entitled to a proper and just remuneration. It is equally true that the public is entitled to get its daily bread at the lowest price which is consistent with that proper and just remuneration. It is very questionable whether such an important public issue can be safely left to the dictation of prices by a bread ring.

The public has two remedies at its disposal.

The first is to get its bread through voluntary or social co-operation.

The second is to insist upon the *control of Rings*. Possibly trade associations could retain what is good in them, and be deprived only of what is bad in them, by a representative of the public interest being placed upon their executive boards to see that fairplay is done.

TALES OF WOE

by Our Special Commissioner

DURING the past fortnight I have seen in Bristol 153 persons who have either brought grievances to my notice or have asked for my advice in matters of difficulty.

Here are short particulars and comments upon one or two of the cases which are of public interest for one reason or another :—

A young certificated school-teacher complained that she was unable to get a position owing to married women teachers being employed by the Education Authority, the said married women having husbands in receipt of good incomes. This grievance seems to be common to the whole country.

The continued employment of women as waitresses in clubs has created soreness in Bristol, as in many other places; but the feeling locally is intensified by the fact that some of these women are married to men in good employment and that all of them receive better treatment than the few men waiters employed.

During the war a number of elderly men were taken on at the Ashton Gate Box Factory, a subsidiary company to Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills. Some of these men were discharged in 1920 and were given a gratuity. Others, to the number of 97, were kept on until June and September, 1921, and were then discharged without a gratuity. These men think that they have been unjustly treated, but the company maintain that their treatment has been not only just but generous. Without disputing this statement, I cannot see that they have been treated as well as the men discharged in 1920.

F. A. Winter is a young man who served as a wireless operator during the war. I have seen his certificates. He is entitled to wear the British War and the Mercantile Marine medals. He complains that the Post Office and the Ministry of Pensions have refused him employment on the ground that he is not an ex-Service man. He has a widowed mother to support. This seems a hard case.

H. E. Curley, of Guinea Street, Redcliffe, Bristol, has it in mind to get married, and when he saw an advertisement of a "beautiful home" for 18 guineas he snapped up the "bargain," and has been unhappy ever since he got it. He paid 26s. for packing, although it was advertised "free on rail." I have seen that "beautiful home," and would advise anyone who is struck with such an advertisement to inspect before purchase.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE

Decoys and Spies in Hotels and Society

THE alarming frequency of hotel thefts and jewel robberies of late points to the remarkable extent to which smart women are being employed in the underworld of crookdom.

In many cases the police appear to be completely baffled. If the policy of "Find the woman!" were more intelligently and energetically pursued, it is possible that the force would not so often have to admit its inability to solve these mysteries.

There are indications that many of the coups are brought off by a gang working under the directions of a clever syndicate or a powerful single intelligence. Female spies and decoys are almost invariably used, and the capture of some of them might well lead to the discovery of the identity of a far-reaching octopus of crime.

Occasionally the methods employed by these female crooks are very original in conception and daring in execution.

Frequently a fashionably dressed young woman, apparently of good breeding, will take up her quarters at an expensive hotel, and ingratiate herself with wealthy guests. Access to their rooms is soon obtained. Some kind of excursion is suggested, and on returning the whole party find their rooms have been ransacked and their jewellery stolen.

The decoy-spy will loudly bewail the loss of some article to which she attached a sentimental value—she is often a "war widow"—and remains on in the hotel for weeks unsuspected, living on the proceeds of the robbery.

At other times the same girl, it may be, will secure a position as a servant in a house where entertaining on a large scale is in prospect, by means of forged references, and communicate to confederates outside all the particulars they require to effect a scoop.

Another ruse is to inspire sympathy and confidence by posing as an impoverished gentlewoman struggling hard to support herself at a smart private hotel by working during the day.

One girl who was recently sent to penal servitude for her complicity in a particularly daring but remunerative robbery was found to have in her trunk a list of hundreds of towns and thousands of houses and hotels from some of which robberies had taken place, while others were evidently in prospect.

Why are not more of these clever criminals laid by the heels?

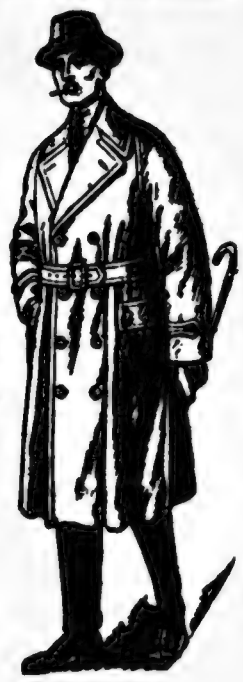
Curzon's ½ Price End of Season Sale

Everybody who has inspected the splendid quality goods which we are now clearing at half price declares them to be far and away the most marvellous value ever offered. All garments are Present Season stock, and each is a superlative bargain—seize this opportunity NOW—you'll never have a better one.

IMPORTANT
This sensational offer closes on August 5th or earlier if stock is sold out. Send your order to-day!

30/- SPORTS JACKET for 15/-

This **SPORTS JACKET** is perfectly tailored from first-rate quality real Scotch or Yorkshire Tweeds, Cheviots and Homespuns. Without any exaggeration this is the best value to be had to-day in hard wearing, handsome-looking sports coats which any man would be proud to wear,
The biggest super-bargain Curzons have ever offered.



30/- MACKINTOSH TRENCH COAT for 15/-

Here is a thoroughly serviceable, well-cut Trench Coat, made for men who study both appearance and comfort. It is cut full-length double-breasted, with belt, from good quality material of a nice fawn shade and is guaranteed absolutely water-proof.

No patterns sent or enquiries answered, but you can send your order safely on the clear guarantee (backed by "John Bull") that your money will be instantly refunded in full if you are not more than pleased with your bargain.

(1s. extra for each garment for postage and packing.)

21/- TROUSERS (Tweed, Stripe and Grey Flannel) - - - for 7/6

The quality of Curzon trousers is well known, and these are really marvellous value. Whether you are wanting smart trousers for Town wear or Flannels for Tennis, Cricket or the Seaside, you will get just what you want here at less than half the price you would otherwise have to pay. Large variety of Medium and Dark Tweed and Stripe Trousering, worth at least 21s. and **Heavy** Grey Flannel that would be cheap at 15s. all one price, **7s. 6d.** the pair.

Don't delay a single day or the goods you want may be sold out. Fill in and post this Coupon TO-DAY!

FILL UP THIS COUPON

To **CURZON BROS., LTD.,**
The World's Measure Tailors,
70 & 72, City Road, London. E.C.1.

Please send me CARRIAGE PAID on your guarantee:
Tweed Sports Coat 16/-
Trousers 8/6
Mac Trench Coat 16/-
Strike out line not required (if any).

Name .....
Address .....
J.B. .....

IMPORTANT.
Please fill in these particulars :
For Sports Coat or Mac Trench Coat :—
My height is .....
My chest measure (taken over waistcoat) is.....
For Trousers :—
State Flannel or Tweed .....
Length inside leg.....
Waist measure.....

"John Bull's Letter Bag"

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "A Child's Agony." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

JOANY (Kidderminster).—"What is the Mendal theory?" The theory of hereditary. Too long to explain.

CLEVER (Salisbury).—"I want to protest against JOHN BULL." The necessary permission has been forwarded.

HAPPY (Bournemouth).—"I'm dead against playing games on Sunday." How did you get hold of your name?

DARE (Chelsea).—"If there were no class distinctions there would be no lower classes." Spoken like a professor.

MERRY ONE (Scarborough).—"Is sea sickness due to the eyes or the ears?" Our sea sickness is due to quite another organ.

PORT SAID (Portsmouth).—"Have women legislators been a success?" No, they have merely been an amiable relief.

LUNA (Norfolk).—"How the old nobility must hate the new peers!" Especially the old nobility which Charles II. created.

A. K. (Wendover).—"Who are the people who are always running down their fellow-countrymen?" Drunken motorists and bolshy agitators.

OLD BOY (Glasgow).—"Why don't you have some cheerful news in JOHN BULL?" Because we deal with life and write for and of the masses.

TOO SURE (Newcastle).—"Many a man is walking about shoeless because he took chances." Many a man is lying around dead because he didn't.

MARY O. (Reading).—"Are French or English dressmakers the best?" Do you mean morally or technically? We get all our trousers from the Rue de la Paix.

COLONIST (Yarmouth).—"Who are the two greatest living journalists?" Dean Inge and—well, we hate talking about ourselves. "Inge" is pronounced "Ing," by the way.

QUERIST (Dover).—"Does any shred of the Entente Cordiale exist?" Yes; we believe there is still a warm feeling of affection between the Paris *Daily Mail* and the London *Daily Mail*.

WORKMAN'S WIFE (Salisbury).—"Everything was going swimmingly and then came this terrible depression." It dates from the coal strike. Every industry and every worker was hit.

MACANDREW (Aberdeen).—"The general idea that Scotsmen have no sense of humour is a libel on the race." The fact that Scotsmen are always denying this failing rather supports the libel.

CHINA (Worcester).—"My wife never allows me out after nine." What time does she put the other tame mice to bed?

A. K. L. (Dorchester).—"No doubt you are surprised to hear from me." We are dumbfounded. Who are you?

BENNETT (Malvern).—"Capital punishment is hideous and brutal." Not quite so hideous and much less brutal than murder.

COLD FEET (Leeds).—"We really want a man like Henry Ford in England." Do you think we are as badly off as that?

MINNIE (Beckenham).—"My neighbours object to my five cats." Judging from the details you send us, they object to six.

FREE TRADE (Leeds).—"What will be the next General Election cry?" The last General Election cry was when they cried it off.

M. V. O. (Leicester).—"My son has married a German girl and I have disowned him." We will tell him the first time we see him.

BERTIE (Battersea).—"I only spoke to a lady in the park and a policeman threatened me. What shall I do?" Don't speak to strange ladies in the park, you silly ass.

LEISURE (Littlehampton).—"Why should the County Council spend four millions on a hall in these days of distress?" Read the King's speech for a complete answer.

PRE-WAR MARTYR.—"You have to be an ex-soldier now before you get sympathy." We are not aware that the ex-soldiers are getting very much sympathy, judging from the cases that come to us.

WORKER (Bristol).—"Would a consumptive have any chance of finding work in the Colonies?" No. He would not even be admitted to some of the Colonies under their Public Health Act.

WALTER KAY (Lambeth).—"When shall we get back to pre-war conditions?" When our customers are in a position to buy our goods. Two of our customers, Germany and Russia, are momentarily out of the market.

A. E. W. (Blackpool).—"Whilst away from home I lost my belongings in a hotel fire here. Am I entitled to compensation under your insurance scheme?" Yes. Holiday-goers please note.

COMEDIAN.—"Some artists are grossly overpaid." An artist is worth what he draws.

SOLOMON (Grimsby).—"I send you a bright little thing my little son said." We laugh politely.

LUCY (Chichester).—"Is it safe to go as housekeeper with a gentleman?" Quite safe—with a gentleman.

BLUEBIRD (Canning Town).—"I have a great idea for cutting a ship canal from London to Southampton." Get on with it.

NEVER MIND (Bath).—"There are fifty thousand lunatics at large. Did you know that?" Is there anything we don't know?

SICK AND SORRY (Coventry).—"No more men for me. I've had some!" You should have stuck to one, my chick. "Some" is too many.

MILL HAND (Wellington).—"We never hear about the German Emperor in these days." Well, you are not complaining, are you?

CLARA (Norwich).—"Motor horns ought to be abolished." If they were, quite a large number of pedestrians would also be abolished.

DOG LOVER (Waltham Cross).—"A good terrier wants a lot of beating." We should have thought that would apply more to a bad terrier.

LUCY (L.K.).—"Why don't churches go in for advertisement and publicity?" They do. Church bells are the oldest form of advertisement in the world.

ACCUSED (Southampton).—"I left my wife because I do not believe in marriage ties." She also seems to be starving because you do not believe in keeping her.

JUDAS (Margate).—"The workers have been betrayed by their leaders." Not so frequently, we should imagine, as the leaders have been betrayed by some of their workmen.

FENNY (Birmingham).—"I have never had any occasion to be suspicious of my wife. Now, however, the die is cast." Why cast it in our direction? Your letter is somewhat futile.

U. L. T. (Liverpool).—"Can I compel my late fiancée to return my gifts?" Ask a policeman. You seem to have jilted the girl, and if we were you we should say nothing more about the matter.

NON-COMPETITOR (Bury St. Edmunds).—"Bullets" first prizes have been won with first attempts on several occasions.

TIMEKEEPER (Durham).—"Things have changed very considerably since the war." We've noticed that too.

BETTY (Dewsbury).—"My people think I am awful because I have left the Baptist Church." Good gracious!

BRAYMAN (Bray).—"It is terrible to see these women lie about in punts." We are sending you a little nerve tonic.

JOHN (Walsall).—"Never mind the weather—farming pays!" If there is one thing certain, it is that you're not a farmer. You are too cheerful.

WEARY (Regent's Park).—"The street musician is becoming an infernal nuisance." We prefer him to the German bands of other days.

TWICE WIDOWED (Aldershot).—"Would it be dreadful if I married for a third time?" We can't tell you. It is his risk, not ours.

A. L. (Chiswick).—"I want to be an author. Is there an Authors' Trade Union?" No, sir, you are at liberty to go right ahead and auth.

JANET (Edinburgh).—"Is it etiquette for the wife to buy the wedding ring?" No, Janet. Wives never buy wedding rings until they are widows.

BARGEMAN (Putney, S.W.).—"People think ours is an easy life, but what this job wants is strength." Both in muscle and language, we understand.

JACK (Ringwood).—"Your sarcasm falls on me like water on a duck's back." In at one ear and out of the other—nothing to stop it, eh?

FOLD (Kettering).—"Where should we be if it wasn't for the police?" Quite a number of people would be walking about at liberty.

HUNTSMAN (Leicester).—"Even a fox appreciates a good hunt." We should require an affidavit signed by the fox before we accepted that statement.

LIL (Frome).—"Do you advise me to go to India? They say the climate is deadly." Rubbish. It can be very trying, but it can also be very pleasant.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Coventry).—"What is the best way for a small photographer to advertise?" Make good photographs. Good work is the best advertisement.

HOUSEHOLDER (Exeter).—"I should like to say a few words about Sunday games." Unfortunately your few words run to 200—and they are not worth printing, anyway.

WEARY WILLIE (Tamworth).—"Ought I to marry the girl?" It is a matter for your own conscience. These marriages to "right a wrong" very often turn out most unhappy.

BANK EMPLOYEE (Manchester).—"Would you advise me to go to a moneylender?" No. If your firm knew, you would get the sack. Why not consult your manager?

RETURNED AMERICAN (London, S.W.).—"People who get their ideas of American opinion from the Hearst papers are wholly mistaken." We did not know that the Hearst papers had anything but prejudices.

PATIENT (Small Heath).—"We have to take our own bottles for medicine. Surely they could be provided?" Certainly, and would you like a taxi cab to take you to the hospital? You want a little too much.

GOLDEN METHOD (Islington).—"I never employ anybody in my works who bets on horses." We are willing to bet *you* that fifty per cent. of your workmen have a bit on. Besides, you have no right whatever to interfere with the private recreations of your employees.

THERE IS NO SECRET

so dark that you cannot tell "Humanist." "Humanist" is the recipient of hundreds of letters every week, the most important of which he answers himself. What does he count as important? Not the trivial troubles which men and women can, by their own exertions, overcome, but the great sorrows and tragedies which are eased by confidence.

Write to "Humanist." He may help you over a bad time. Don't write if you are broke and only money can relieve you. Tell him the big thing that matters. He has hundreds of grateful friends all over the country who are glad they approached him.

The Martinsyde

"The Symbol of Success"

makes it

"Downhill all the way"

Read the following unsolicited Press testimonials gained by this splendid machine—

"Of the bigger machines the Martinsydes were splendid."—*Daily Mail.*

"A beauty bus."—*Athletic News*, May 15th.

"Besides being good to look at, it was obviously well constructed."—*Motor Cycling*, May 3rd.

Amongst our recent successes are—

Scottish Six Days Trial. Four Special Gold Medals and Sidecar Team Prize (tie).

London—Edinburgh Trial 6 Martinsydes entered, 6 Gold Medals awarded.

Winners' Handicap, Brooklands, May 27th.

FIRST ... Average speed 79.5 m.p.h.

REVISED PRICES.

3½ H.P. Solo ...	£96
6 H.P. Solo ...	£110
6 H.P. Standard Comb.	£150
6 H.P. Sports Comb.	£145

Write for catalogue and details of our Easy Payment System.

"THE TWIN TO WIN."

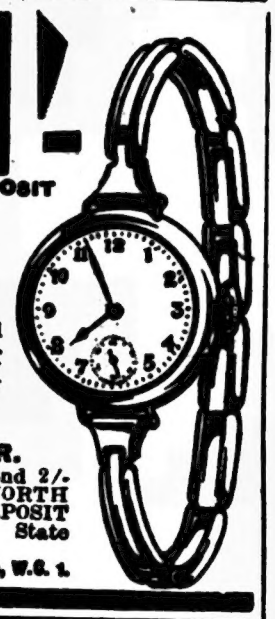
MARTINSYDE LTD.

62, MAYBURY HILL, WOKING.

YOURS for 1/-

ANOTHER RECORD BARGAIN.

500 HALL MARKED SOLID SILVER WRIST WATCHES DEPOSIT



OFFERED TO "JOHN BULL" READERS ON UNHEARD OF BARGAIN TERMS. READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION AND WONDERFUL OFFER

Ladies' English Hall-Marked Wrist Watch, small, neat and dainty design as illustrated, complete with expanding Bracelet. Fitted with highest quality jewelled Bar movement, accurately timed, and carefully tested before dispatch. Each Watch fully guaranteed for five years.

ALSO GENT'S SIZE SAME PRICE.

DON'T MISS THIS REMARKABLE OFFER.

Sent on receipt of 1/- deposit. AFTER receipt you pay 2/- and 2/- monthly until only 30/- is paid. Cash price only 27/6; WORTH £3:3:0. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR DEPOSIT RETURNED IN FULL. SEND P.O. or STAMPS NOW. State whether Lady's or Gent's Watch required.

WOBURN WATCH CO. (Dept. 57, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. 1.

OUT NEXT FRIDAY, JULY 28th!

The smartest and cleverest collection of stories, jokes and illustrations ever placed between two covers. It!

London Mail

SUMMER NUMBER

Price 6d.

Poisoned Ankle

Suffered 18 Years, but Soon Cured by Germolene, the Aseptic Skin Dressing.

Mrs. A. Buttle.

Mrs. A. Buttle, 7, Higher Kingston, Yeovil, says:—"I had suffered with bad legs for more than 18 years. There were big ulcers on both ankles and they were terribly painful. I could not do any ordinary housework for them, nor even get about properly, and although I tried all sorts of things it was no use. The ulcers would not heal; in fact they got worse. But when I applied Germolene it was astonishing how the pain was relieved. Soon it was all gone, and from then on the ulcers healed up rapidly. In quite a short time my legs were well. I am never without Germolene in the house now, and all my family use it for cuts and burns and scratches, in fact for anything—and it never fails to heal quickly and without complications."

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema, Psoriasis, Rashes, Piles, Itching, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions, Cuts and Burns, Ringworm, Pimples, Chapped Hands, Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Awarded Gold Medals and Diplomas at 4 Leading International Exhibitions.

Price 3/- per tin, 1/3 the smaller size. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Germolene is manufactured in the same splendidly equipped laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets, under the control of skilled chemists, from the purest ingredients, by

The Vono Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

"NOTIONS"

THE BOOK FOR

IDEAS!

COMPETITORS

MAKE YOUR OWN EFFORTS AND WIN

Just issued a wonderful Book called **"NOTIONS"** which will give you

A HUNDRED DOUBLE-MEANING SUGGESTIONS IN 10 MINUTES

THERE is absolutely **NO LIMIT** to the number of smart efforts you can evolve with this Masterpiece work. **NOTHING JUST LIKE IT** has ever been published before. You can take any phrase in any Competition and turn to the subject that the phrase suggests and you get at once a number of witty, humorous or double-meaning suggestions that will assist you to

EASILY MAKE EXCELLENT LINES WITH WINNING CHANCES.

"NOTIONS" will give you a new interest in Competitions!
"NOTIONS" will give you a new hope!

The Subjects are all alphabetically arranged, and the work forms the most wonderful and comprehensive Competition Guide ever issued, The Price of this most useful book is

ONE SHILLING ONLY and 2d. for Postage.

FREE If you wish to know more about this wonderful Book and would like to see Specimen Pages before becoming a Subscriber, please write and say so (a postcard will do) and the Publisher will oblige you.

I DO NOT SELL LINES—THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO BUY.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, ETC.:—

R. SAWYER, 43, ELGIN AVENUE, MAIDA VALE, LONDON, W.

MAKING BEASTS OF MEN

How America has Remedied an Evil

by THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

(The American Prison Reformer and ex-Governor of Sing-Sing Prison.)

NO matter from what standpoint you approach the subject, there can be only one excuse for shutting a man up in prison, and that is, to make him a better citizen. That is the only way to benefit society, which is the main point. Having admitted that bed-rock truth, it is deplorable to find that the effect of so many prison systems is not to produce better citizens, but only better prisoners.

For years we have fooled ourselves into the belief that a certain type of human being cannot be kept out of gaol—one might as well argue that some folk are so much in love with the operating table that they cannot be kept out of hospital.

IT is not the individual but the system that is wrong; the penal codes of all countries need urgent and drastic revision. They are wrong in their relation to the life outside. They should aim at educating the delinquent for the community life which he must rejoin on his release. Instead, the average prison pitches him back into the world bewildered, uneducated, unable to grasp anew the reins of a severed career—a pathetic incompetent, a potential recidivist from the moment the gates of freedom open to him.

I AM by experience a business man; I regard prison systems with a business eye, and, even while agreeing that the only place for the criminal is prison, I am convinced that prisons should be run on business lines. The object of a prison should be to train its inmates for the life beyond the prison walls; and therefore some semblance of the atmosphere of civilian life outside should be an integral part of the prison system.

THE first thing to be thrown away is the senseless rule of silence, a rule that usually is fastened upon a prisoner's mouth the moment the doors close behind him, and clamps it shut for days on end. This forcing of silence on human beings is the first step towards degrading them to the level of beasts or worse, for even brute creation is not entirely inarticulate. Silence among men, herded together under a common roof, is such a violation of the primal laws of nature that it amounts to torture. Man *must* talk—or begin to slide down the scale of human decency. The months and years of enforced dumbness can have but one result, the creation of a deadened slow-moving mind in which a fierce resentment against the community that flung him there burns like a white-hot coal in his breast. There should be natural conversation allowed in all prisons, but then there must be provided also a system that makes life interesting enough to talk about.

THE great reform we have instituted in many American prisons is the introduction of responsibility of the prisoners for the good conduct of the prison community. A prisoner is able, not only to maintain himself, but, by industrious application, to lay by money against the day when he will face the world once again. It is absurd to thrust a convict out into a censorious world, destitute as when the law first absorbed him years previously. Such unbusinesslike treatment merely holds the prison doors open wide for his return.

THERE are only two punishments justifiable in the whole logic of penal discussion, and they are (1) the curtailment of liberty, (2) the disgrace entailed in serving time in prison. Anything over and above that, such as silence, solitary confinement, insufficient food, punishment cells, bread and water diet, plank beds, etc., etc., is nothing more than vindictive revenge taken by society upon its helpless victims. And revenge always and inevitably breeds more revenge.

As an instance of what can be done with proper treatment, I quote the case of the Naval Prison, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U.S.A., where, during the war, I was Governor. After the new system had been in force there two years, we had 2,000 prisoners and not a single warder. The prisoners themselves were their own warders, and the "prison walls" were light wire fences over which any fool could have jumped.

I should like to see a similar state of confidence and self-reliance pervading every prison in the world.

THERE should be prisons where men can receive visitors without being under painful surveillance; where the common decencies of toilet are allowed, where men can learn self-discipline, where a standard of education is obtainable and where the inhuman rule of Silence is an unknown terror.

Our prisons, let me repeat, should educate and train men for honest and decent citizenship in the world outside. Unless we do that the prisons are not making men fit or safe to let loose upon the community. Educating men for citizenship is the only way to make prison a deterrent.

Carry Your JOHN BULL With You

The JOHN BULL man will be looking out for people carrying JOHN BULL in Hastings on August 3rd, and in Margate on August 7th (Bank Holiday). Among the prizes he will distribute are wrist watches, mesh handbags, mesh purses, plated ware, and automatic fans for the ladies; and dressing-cases, tobacco pouches, cigarette cases, and pocket knives for men. The most superb gifts of all are handsome, massive tea and coffee sets. Don't forget to "Carry your JOHN BULL with you."

"CONFIDENCE."

by J. A. CLARKE,

(Manager, The International Publicity Service.)

SHOPPING by post—or Mail Order Trading—has developed enormously during the past few years—thanks to the institution of guaranteed advertisements. There was a time when the public had just cause for being sceptical of articles offered through the post—the day of the unscrupulous trader who, by means of highly coloured advertisements, sought to sell shoddy goods to a gullible public, is almost over—but a few such firms are still to be found. The public has a certain safeguard—that is to buy only from firms advertising in papers which *guarantee* their advertisers' goods—with a guarantee such as given by JOHN BULL it is now possible to *buy with confidence.*

Advertisers in JOHN BULL desire your custom and your good-will and they will go to every reasonable length to secure both. They appreciate that the confidence of the public is obtained only by offering those goods that represent in every sense true value for money.

JOHN BULL led the way with guaranteed advertisements—others followed! Remember—JOHN BULL *guarantees you satisfaction.*

The Shop Window.

The All-British Photographic Competition announced this week should certainly interest a large number of our readers, and stimulate British industry.

Th Cloth Certificate issued by the Bradford Corporation in S. A. Barry and Co.'s advertisement is a valuable asset. A doubting reader recently queried it, and we were able to inform him that it was quite genuine and had been inspected by us.

The statue of "Energy" shown in the Andrews' Liver Salt advertisement is one of the finest in Hyde Park, and well worth a special visit to see. This advertiser offers useful presents in exchange for lids from Andrews' tins.

We have examined the clothing offered in Curzon's advertisement, and do not think the term "half-price" sale is exaggerated, as they offer splendid value at very low prices.

Follow the advice in the Sartor Manufacturing Co's. advertisement and you will not be disappointed.

The guarantee for which JOHN BULL is noted applies to the trade advertisements in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" feature, on page 3, as well as to the larger displayed trade advertisements. Indeed, *all* advertisements in JOHN BULL are worth watching.

Sporting Advertisements.

We receive many inquiries for rates for sporting advertisements. The sole agents and contractors for these (which appear on pages 18 and 19) are Messrs. Alfred Bates & Co., Ltd., the well-known sporting advertising agents, 132-4, Fleet Street, London, E.C., to whom all such applications should be made.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

PUNTER (Newmarket) and OTHERS.—"Congratulations on your new racing feature." Thanks. Rowley's smiling.

MERCY (Bodmin).—"Do you think it is unchristian to prosecute a boy who robbed me?" In all the circumstances, we consider it most unchristian and unsporting. You had no right to put an underpaid boy in such a responsible position.

WICKER WORK (Ryde).—"I did four years' good war-work in an important capacity. I have not even got the O.B.E." We congratulate you.

LITTLE GIRL (Swanage).—"I have a confession to make to you. I never read JOHN BULL until last week." Sensation in Long Acre!

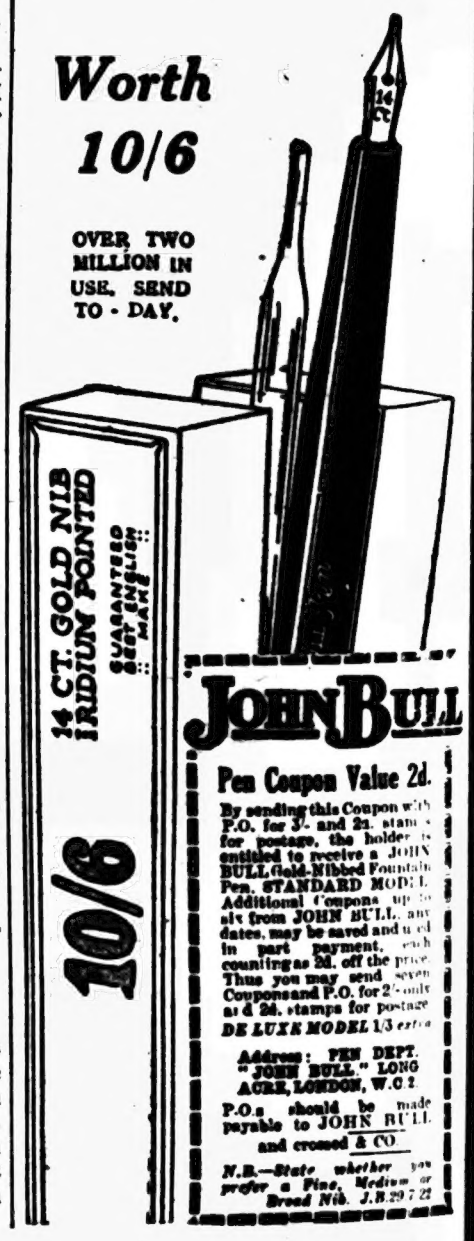
QUITE RIGHT (Peckham).—"Won't Sunday games interfere with Church-workers?" No, sir. The only people who will be hit will be the public house proprietors.

J. L. P. (Manchester).—"Could I learn French in thirteen lessons?" People have learnt it in less, but it depends upon the capacity of your dome, J.

UNICORN (Govan).—"Is Lenin really dead?" No, only semi-officially.

GOOD HUMOUR (Clifton).—"Can you tell me where I can find a man with £550?" We could tell you thousands; but do you mean man or mug?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)


Worth
10/6
OVER TWO MILLION IN USE. SEND TO-DAY.
14 CT. GOLD NIB
IRIDIUM POINTED
GUARANTEED
10/6
JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon Value 2d.
By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 extra
Address: PEN DEPT. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib. J.B.29.7.22

£1,000 WON IN A FLASH

"I do not spend much time in puzzling out my efforts, as I find my best attempts come in a flash!" says Mr. C. Gordon, of Kildare, Beacon Hill Road, Newark, the winner of the £1,000 prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 453.

His largest previous win was £1, but he declares that he had always felt that he would one day secure the big prize, and his success will spur him on to further achievement.

The winning line was evolved entirely by himself.

While everyone may not have such brilliant flashes of inspiration, there is equal opportunity for all who have brains to win our big prizes, for merit and merit alone counts in this competition.

If you cannot all in a moment think of a scintillating line, think again and again, for the best always wins.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 455.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

MR. HARRY F. PETTY,
25, Dalcross Street,
West Bowling, Bradford.

Example:—By And By
Bullet:—After Nation's Bankrupt—Economy.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

MR. G. F. GARTWRIGHT,
124, High Street, Uttoxeter, Staffs.
Example:—Little Navy
Bullet:—Enthusiasts—Never Saw France.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

MR. W. GIBB,
C/o McGrattan, 7, William Street, Greenock, Scotland.
Example:—Open Or Shut
Bullet:—Depends On Her Dentist.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

A. Glover, 133, Cottesmore Rd., Leicester:
Well Paid—Nosey Parker In Uniform.
L. Wood, Castle Hill Cottage, Delph, Oldham:
Little Navy—Usually Accompanies Channel Swimmer.
A. P. Drew, 29, Wellington Street East, Higher Broughton, Manchester:
My Vote—Promise Given—Performance Keeps.
E. Shanks, 113, Rochdale Road, Bacup:
Road To Ruin—Buying Popularity Without Capital.
G. Braddock, 34, Fusehill Street, Carlisle:
True To Life—Rich Man Wins Sweepstake.
Miss L. Hickman, 575, Alexandra Parade, Glasgow:
In Ireland Now—Another "Coalition" Proved Failure.
R. Forder, 22, Castle Street, Ruthin, N. Wales:
Our Choice—Of Champions, Seldom World's.
W. E. Davies, 29, Canning Street, Belfast:
Retired—Colonels Could Settle Ireland.
R. Arthur, 3, Lowcay Road, Southsea, Hants:
Spoiling Chance—Of Atom Being Dud.
Miss L. Perrett, 2, Bishop Street, Bedminster:
In Ireland Now—Coaches Would Be Serviceable.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Miss B. Arkowsmith, 10, Kingston Terrace, Kingston, Halifax:
A Bit Rough—When Caddie Yawns Openly.
F. Chopper, 30, back of 35, Station Rd., Chesterfield:
Carries Weight—Heart—Amongst The Poor.
T. W. Smith, 1, Morley Street, Whitefield, nr. Manchester:
Not To Know—That Adviser's Investing Also.
L. Lamberti, 111, Wheeler Street, Maidstone, Kent:
On The Parade—Of Poverty, Impostor Depends.
G. K. Hodgetts, Beauty Bank, Old Hill, Staffs.:
Nagging Allies—Germany "Listening In."
T. H. Barnes, 37, Pendlestone Rd., Hoe Street, E. 17:
Daily Grind—Washington's Instructions To Work.
R. Brown, 11, Alexander Street, Nelson:
True To Life—Women Following Men's "Calling."
T. Thickens, 6, Garfield Avenue, Bournemouth:
Sweet And Low—Not The "Brooke Plums."
H. Hall, Market Street, St. Helens, Lancs.:
Road To Ruin—Once "Gilded" Now "Fatuity."
T. Bevan, 223, Ystrad Rd., Pentre, Rhondda Valley, S. W.:
Well Said—Safer Remedy Than Socialism.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 453 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

The Best Literary Skill Competition

£250 'Bullets' 1st Prize

2ND PRIZE £20

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2-10
25 PRIZES OF 10/-
100 PRIZES OF 5/-
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
2000 TARGET PRIZES
2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £500.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 455.

BRITISH CREW
WORTH HIS SALT
SEASIDE ENGAGEMENT
MAN OF STRAW
CHEERFUL
AT HER WORST
MARRIAGE LOTTERY
THE WITCHING WAVES
YESTERDAY
PAL FOR LIFE
ABROAD
FATHER'S BEER
IF WIFE PLEASES
HARLEY STREET
FINDING HUBBY OUT
NO LADY
A FREE HAND
LOOKS WISE
IN THE MELTING POT
HASTY EXIT
GAME OF GRAB
SMOOTH SAILING
LOOKS LIKE RAIN
ALSO RAN
COOL AND CALCULATING
SEVERELY TAXED
BROKEN
LITTLE DEAR
BIRD OF PASSAGE
RULING PASSION
OUT OF TUNE
WELL DONE

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENT'S PRIZES:—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 455 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet.** This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 3.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(455) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 3.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(455) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed_____
Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 455, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 3.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(455) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 3.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(455) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed_____
Address_____

SELECTIONS OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 456.

SEASIDE DONKEY—WHEN PURSE IS FULL—A FAIR TRIAL—CHANGING COLOUR—GLUTTON FOR WORK—HOLIDAY BENEFITS—WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN—REST EASY—FRAGILE—A SHARP TONGUE—MIGHTY ATOM—BIT OF FAT—PAINTS AND DRAWS—VALUABLE ASSET—WHEN BABY'S ASLEEP—NATIONAL DANGER—DAY OF WORSHIP—HER MASTER—FOLLIES OF YOUTH—BEST MOTHER.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, August 17th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **456** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 456, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 456.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 453 can now be seen in the window of Mr. Ridley, Newsagent, Carter Gate, Newark.

THE
CITY LIFE
Assurance Co., Ltd.
HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2
Telephone: CITY 9543.

Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000

Managing Director.
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

They make the weak strong, and the strong stronger.
SLEEPLESS, WEAK AND NERVOUS
Made Splendidly Fit by Dr. Cassell's Tablets when Tonics, Rest and Change had failed.

Mr. B. Bramwell, of 129, Camberwell New Road, London, S.E. 5, says:—

"After two years' service in France I contracted pneumonia, was invalided home, and finally discharged as unfit. There was a lassitude on me that I could not shake off, and on top of that I began to get so nervous that sometimes I was afraid to cross the road. I was terribly troubled with sleeplessness, too, and in the mornings I was seized with dizziness and would tremble like a leaf. At this time I was employed on clerical work, and at times I could not hold my pen. Eventually I had to resign. I had tonics for about nine months, and then was told I must have a complete change. I had it—for two months—but did not benefit, so I came home again.

"Then a friend advised Dr. Cassell's Tablets, so I got some and took them according to directions. Soon I could feel there was improvement. I continued the treatment until I was quite O.K., and have had no repetition of the attack. I am as well as ever I was."

Mr. B. Bramwell.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets
The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown
Neuritis
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Rheumatism
Anæmia
Palpitation
Kidney Weakness
Children's Weakness
Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Home Price, 3/-
1/3 the smaller size.
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

Do you need a good night's rest. If so to-night take two Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured under the supervision of skilled chemists in the most perfectly equipped laboratory of its kind in the Empire, by
The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

A Great Success!
No. 1
of a New Wireless Magazine *for* Amateurs

As a result of No. 1 of The BROADCASTER, the only *English Monthly* Wireless Magazine, thousands are now taking up this fascinating hobby and listening-in. In plain, simple language, The BROADCASTER introduces you to the wonderful world of wireless. Join the ever-increasing numbers of wireless enthusiasts and get The BROADCASTER to-day—and at the same time place your order for No. 2.

Don't miss the exclusive interview with Godfrey Isaacs on Broadcasting.

The Broadcaster
THE RADIOPHONE MONTHLY FOR LISTENERS-IN

ONE SHILLING.

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